

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

I. Notes and News.

THE welcome that has been accorded to the new series of the ACADEMY is very encouraging. From the letters we have received, and from the comments in the Press, it is clear that an illustrated literary paper of this character—a review of literature and life—was needed. As our new series has begun so it will continue. New features of interest will be constantly added. Neither talent, nor money, nor time, nor industry will be wanting to make the ACADEMY welcomed, studied, and discussed in every household in the United Kingdom. Among new features in preparation we may mention a series of articles under the heading "Views," to which eminent writers of the day will contribute. In these papers, which will be signed and of some length, all important questions of the day will be treated. They will express the views of ripe minds on problems—literary, scientific, political, artistic, and sociological—about which men and women are feeling their dim way, too often without guidance.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co. are to be congratulated on their acquisition of the Bismarck *Memoirs* after keen competition with other publishers. The price given for the work has been given at anything between £5,000 and £15,000, and Messrs. Smith & Elder are naturally reticent on the point. It might be supposed that such a work as this would be bought on its title alone, but we understand that the competing firms were able to examine the contents of the work. The publication of the *Memoirs* may be expected at the end of November. The work will be issued in two volumes, and will not improbably be illustrated to a small extent. Messrs. Smith & Elder have not the advantage which Messrs. Macmillan had, in the case of the Busch diary, of receiving Bismarck's book in English. The whole is in German, and its rendering into English is now occupying a staff of translators.

THESE *Memoirs* may possibly be followed by another kindred work of less but still considerable interest. We mention with all reserve a statement in the Continental papers to the effect that Signor Crispi proposes to visit London before the end of this month, the object of his journey being to enable him to supervise the printing of his *Memoirs*.

MANY booksellers complain of the statements that are being made to the effect that they have been charging £37 for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, now being offered at 14 guineas. As a matter of fact the work has sold at £18 for years.

MR. KENNETH GRAHAME, after many years of service in the Bank of England, has now become its secretary. We echo the hope that his new duties will not entail less literary activity; but Mr. Grahame's talent is a shy one, probably not in the least dependent upon increased or decreased leisure. While on this subject we might remark that in last week's *Spectator* Mr. Grahame's *Pagan Papers* was reviewed as a new book, and its author assured that he "can do better work if he tries—above all, if he will only discriminate between real literary humour and the trivialities of the comic paper, between liveliness and deadly-liveliness."

The Day's Work is selling well in the bookshops. *With Kitchener to Khartum* is also selling; indeed, the demand has exceeded the immediate supply. Nothing, however, interferes with the sale of the cheap edition of *Forty-One Years in India*. A more genuinely "selling" book than Lord Roberts's work has not been published for many years.

A BOOK without a printer. Mr. Harry Quilter's forthcoming edition, with his own illustrations, of the *Pied Piper of Hamelin* is not to be printed; instead, each copy of the poem will be in the actual handwriting, throughout, of Mrs. Quilter. The edition is limited to four hundred copies, and we are glad of this—for Mrs. Quilter's sake.

WE were mistaken in saying that Mr. Lang contemplates with resignation the enterprise of literary privateersmen who make books about and around him. It would, we are assured, have been more accurate to say that Mr. Lang takes such enterprise patiently only because there is no use in being impatient with what he is unable to prevent.

A NEW and sumptuous edition of the *Imitation of Christ*, illustrated by Mr. Laurence Housman, is imminent. This publication was suggested by a well-known bookman, and it will be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul.

At the present moment, Mr. Hall Caine is in America, whither he fared to be present at the first performance of the dramatic version of *The Christian*. An Albany paper thus describes him at the *première*: "Hall Caine, the weird wisp of a man, spirituelle, serious, long-haired and red-bearded, sat in a box at the left of the stage. Thousands of miles he had come from his far Manx island to witness this *début* of Glory Quayle in a flesh and blood reality on the boards of a theatre. There was a bit of nervous suspense in his manner through the prologue, though the audience had given him most cordial welcome on his appearance in the box, but the rest of the play through he sat with his elbow on the rail, one thin hand shading his face, listening and looking with an air of quiet content, and, when bursts of applause forced him to respond, rising with evident diffidence."

SHAKESPEARIAN criticism has, during the past few months increased in interest and vivacity, and an American professor who has been inquiring in the Boston *Watchman* into the origin of Iago is quite in the new fashion. Why, he asks, did Shakespeare introduce a Spanish name into Othello, when Cynthio, from whom he took the materials, calls Iago Alfieri? Because, he holds, Iago (James) is the patron saint of Spain, and Englishmen hated Spain. Shakespeare had even, it is suggested, fought against the Armada sixteen years earlier, and Spanish atrocities were popular material for execration. "Therefore," in *Othello*, "to call the sum of all villainies Iago poured contempt on what Spaniards most delighted to honour, and turned it into an abomination. It was the briefest chronicle of British feeling regarding Spaniards. It laid to many souls the flattering unction that in dethroning a saint they were doing God service." "Men," concludes the ingenious professor, "recognising more and more depth in all the doings of the all-wise dramatist, must see significance in his naming the wretch whom his portraiture has damned deepest in everlasting infamy, Iago."

ANOTHER addition to Dickensiana is promised by Mr. F. G. Kitton, who describes it as "positively the last book of the kind that ever can appear, the material being now completely exhausted"; which is not altogether bad news, for there have been too many books about Dickens already. Mr. Kitton, however, has really something interesting to communicate in this volume, the title of which is to be *Dickens and his Illustrators*. Among other information Mr. Kitton offers seventy large plates now produced for the first time, the principal artists represented being Cruikshanks, "Phiz," Seymour, Leech, Mr. Luke Fildes, Cattermole, Mr. Marcus Stone, and Buss. Portraits of all these and other Dickens illustrators are to be given, and there will be a number of hitherto unpublished letters. The publisher is Mr. Redway, who limits the edition both for England and America to 750 copies.

MARK TWAIN's latest appearance is in the *Forum*, as advocate of serious drama in America. He has been to see Welbrandt's "The Master of Palmyra," at the Burg Theatre in Vienna; and after describing that famous play he prescribes it for his countrymen satiated with variety-show and farce. "It seems to me," he says, "New York ought to have one theatre devoted to tragedy. With her three millions of population, and seventy outside millions to draw upon, she can afford it, she can support it. America devotes more time, labour, money, and attention to distributing literary and musical culture among the general public than does any other nation, perhaps; yet here you find her neglecting what is possibly the most effective of all the breeders and nurses and disseminators of high literary taste and lofty emotion—the tragic stage. To leave that powerful agency out is to haul the culture-waggon with a crippled team."

THIS is the sum of the article: "I think we must have a Burg in New York, and Burg scenery, and a great company like the Burg company. Then, with a tragedy-tonic once or twice a month, we shall enjoy the comedies all the better. Comedy keeps the heart sweet; but we all know that there is wholesome refreshment for both mind and heart in an occasional climb among the solemn poms of the intellectual snow-summits built by Shakespeare and those others. Do I seem to be preaching? It is out of my line: I only do it because the rest of the clergy seem to be on vacation."

THE new edition of Whyte Melville's novels, which Messrs. Thacker are now issuing, has met with a very favourable reception. Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations may be partly accountable, but we hope that admiration of a good sportsman and spirited writer is the real reason. The next volume will be *Riding Recollections*.

THE interest in *The Three Musketeers* which has suddenly awakened has suggested to Messrs. Nichols an English edition of the Memoirs of d'Artagnan, from which Dumas drew inspiration for his romance. The late James Grant once re-wrote the work in English, but this is the first time, we believe, that an accurate translation has been made. The translator is Mr. Ralph Nevill.

ELSEWHERE will be found a review of Mr. Kipling's new book, *The Day's Work*. Meanwhile, we give on the opposite page a facsimile of the first-sheet of the MS. of one of the stories, "No. 007," printed in that book. After making the first draft, Mr. Kipling revised it as we see here, and sent the copy to be type-written. He then revised it again and again in proof. A comparison of the facsimile with the beginning of "No. 007," as printed in *The Day's Work*, is interesting.

MAJOR ESTERHAZY'S story of the famous "bordereau," although it has been to some extent anticipated by the articles in the *Observer*, is yet likely, when published in book form by Mr. Grant Richards, to cause considerable sensation. Of the attitude of this officer and gentleman in the matter of the forgery, Mr. Rowland Strong, his erstwhile confidant, has just given a striking picture: "It is curious that he never exhibited the slightest remorse for what he had done, or sorrow for the fate of the wretched man who had suffered for a deed committed by another. Lolling back in an armchair and puffing away at his English briar pipe, he coolly discussed the respective advantages of making his avowal at this or that date." Such impassiveness is no doubt reprehensible; but it should add interest to the book.

AUTHORS are to-day far more polite to each other, in print, than they were in the time of Pope; but now and then the truce is broken. A pamphlet reaches us from Mr. Arrowsmith, under the title *Alfred the Great; or, 'England's Darling' on the Egyptian Campaign*, wherein an audacious rhymester figures to us the Poet Laureate in soliloquy on the difficulties of celebrating Omdurman in verse:

The poet sat a-thinking all alone,
And groaned full many a double-breasted groan.
Sighs thick as autumn cobwebs filled the air,
As well as sundry tufts of plucked-out hair.

Thus it begins, and there we leave it.

"LITERATURE," says *Life*, the New York humorous paper, "would pay better if there were not so many dead men still in the business."

THE new Carlyle letters in the *Atlantic Monthly* are mainly small beer—one of them is half occupied by instructions as to the measurement and making of new flannel shirts—and there is some confusion in the text between new letters and letters that have appeared before. But for the devoted Carlylean everything is pertinent. Here is a passage in a letter to his mother, concerning reviewing, *réclame*, fame, and whiskey: "I think I shall not soon trouble the world again with reviewing. I mean something *else* than that if I could get at it. On the whole, what with Edinburgh Professorships, what with *Covenanter* Articles, we have had rather a noisy time of it in the newspapers for a while back. It is not unpleasant, but, except for aiding the sale of one's books, perhaps it is apt to be unprofitable. Fame? Reputation? &c., as old Tom White said of the whiskey, 'Keep your whiskey to yourself! deevil o' ever I'se better than when there's no a drop on't i' my wame?' which is a literal *truth*—both as to fame and whiskey."

MORE and more are wealthy Americans settling in this country, either in old houses or new. One of the latest of the old houses to pass into the hands of an American is

Brede Place, in Sussex, a rambling grange with some thirty rooms, described in Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's book on that county. The new tenant, however, not requiring it for a while, has lent it to Mr. Stephen Crane for a



MR. STEPHEN CRANE IN HIS "DEN."

year or so. Meanwhile, Mr. Crane is away from home, recovering from yellow fever but on his return he will settle at Brede. We reproduce from the *American Bookman* a recent photograph of Mr. Stephen Crane in his study at the house at Oxted, in Surrey, which he now has left.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH is preparing a sixpenny edition of *Called Back*. There will be a short preface giving the authentic history of this extraordinarily popular story, the parent of much of the sensational fiction of our own day.

A PAINSTAKING contributor to *Lippincott's* has been inquiring into the colour of heroines' eyes, with special reference to grey. Mr. William Black, Mr. Conan Doyle, Wilkie Collins, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Charlotte Brontë—all have fancied a grey eye or so. And Mr. Frankfort Moore has even put the colour into a title. Every kind of grey eye, save one, has *Lippincott's* contributor found, and that one she describes for the benefit of novelists in search of a new variety: "I have yet to meet with golden-grey eyes in fiction. They are to be found, however, in nature, the most luminous of all eyes, I think, the iris about the edge a soft old-gold or golden brown, gradually melting towards the pupil into a warm grey. This lovely colour I have seen in the eyes of a dog and of a child;—the eyes of the dog wistful, appealing, pathetic with unutterable things; the child's speaking of a soul as yet undarkened by shades of the prison-house, and splendid with the light that never was on sea or land." This is an eye, indeed. We shall look for it in the new fiction.

"&c."

Bibliographical Notes.

IN announcing a new *Critical Study of Tennyson* Mr. Stephen Gwynn "greatly dares." Does he really think that it is possible for mortal man to say anything novel on the subject? Has he forgotten the exhaustive and exhausting work thereon with which Mr. Stopford Brooke presented us not so very long ago? That, surely, left no portion of the field uncovered. Criticism of Tennyson, beginning with Arthur Hallam's tribute, needs a bibliography all to itself. The mass of it is remarkable. In bulk, I should say, it comes next to the criticism of Shakespeare. I suppose that the first essay on Tennyson which really caught the ear of the public was that by George Brimley, though it is not often that Brimley's name is mentioned, even in literary "suckles." One of the first of the books about Tennyson's poetry was the *Study* by E. C. Tainsh. Since then, a deluge.

After Tennyson, but with a long interval, comes Ibsen, who is gradually being made the basis of a big critical structure. In 1890 we had the biography and commentary by Jæger. Then came Mr. Wicksteed's exposition; then Mr. Bernard Shaw's; then Mr. Boyesen's; then Sir Edward Russell's; and now we are to have Dr. Brandes's, translated by Mr. Archer.

The fact that a thing has been done once does not, in literature, prevent its being done again; only it ought to be done better the second time than the first. When, therefore, I note that Mr. Wilfred Whitten has made "a collection of verse inspired by the knowledge and love of London," and proposes to publish it with the title of *London in Song*, I presume that the anthology will be superior to that which Mr. Henley made some three or four years ago, and to which he gave the name of *A London Garland*. Otherwise, *London in Song* will scarcely have a reason for existing.

Mrs. Neville Lyttelton, I see, is to give us *Some Thoughts of Joubert, Selected and Translated*. Hitherto the field in this respect has been held in England by a little book of maxims by Joubert, put into English by Mr. Attwell. Thirty years ago a version of *Some of the Thoughts*, published in Boston, U.S.A., had, it would seem, some circulation over here; but that hardly counts. It was, of course, Matthew Arnold's essay that made Joubert known to the English "general reader."

"Mr. Moncrieff," says Mr. Clement Shorter in the *Bookman*, "has written stories for boys, I believe, under the name of Adrian Hope." Here "Adrian," of course, is a slip of the pen for "Ascott"; but the phrase, "I believe," is not so excusable. Mr. Shorter ought to know "for certain" (as the children say) that Mr. Hope Moncrieff, under the name of "Ascott R. Hope," has been writing stories for boys for thirty years past. I think I am correct in saying that his first boys' book appeared

in 1868; and since then, I should say, he cannot have published fewer than forty-five or fifty of such volumes.

On the literary quality of Mr. Hope's tales for the young I am not called upon to comment, but I may express the pleasure with which I have read Mr. Alfred Nutt's tribute (also in the *Bookman*) to the excellence of J. G. Edgar's work in this direction. Messrs. Ward & Lock do well to promise us new editions of Edgar's *How I Won My Spurs*, *Creasy and Poitiers*, and *Runnymede and Lincoln Fair*. The first of these came out (in book form) in 1863, the second in 1865, the third in 1866. They will be quite fresh to the rising generation.

I remember as keenly as Mr. Nutt does the enjoyment derived by youngsters from the *Boys' Own Magazine*. As the projector of that delectable miscellany, S. O. Beeton did for the British boy of his time what his wife did for the young British matron when she compiled her book of household management. Meanwhile, Mr. Nutt is right in supposing that a set of the *Magazine* from 1861 to 1868 is not a set of the whole work. The *Magazine* first saw the light in 1860.

So we are to have the *Complete Poems* of Robert Stephen Hawker. Well, they will be welcome when they arrive. So far, we have had only *Cornish Ballads, and Other Poems*, brought out originally thirty years ago, and reprinted in 1884. I do not want to see the *Complete Poems* of Mr. Robert Bridges yet, but one wishes his methods of publication were a shade less eccentric than they are. He now promises us a volume containing "Prometheus the Fire-giver," "Eros and Psyche," and "The God of Love." "Prometheus" belongs to 1884; "Eros" to 1894. Could we not have a uniform edition of the poems?

It looks as if the late Principal Caird were going to have a posthumous literary reputation. We are told to look for several books from his pen. In his lifetime he came rarely before the reviewers. It is forty years since he sent forth his single volume of *Sermons*, and I know of nothing else (printed) from his pen but the *Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*. Why was he so timid as an author? His brother Edward has been much more enterprising.

Who is the "Mr." Rosaline Masson of whom *Literature* discourses to us? One remembers that Miss Rosaline Masson bestowed upon us, in the "early nineties," a volume of short stories; she has also written upon "The Elements of English Composition." How funny that she should have undertaken a book about "Pollok and Aytoun"—Pollok of *The Course of Time*, and Aytoun of *The Bon Gaultier Ballads*! Has Miss Masson any sense of humour?

Mr. Quiller Couch must be careful, or he will be known as a literary "finisher," no very proud title. He completed Stevenson's *St. Ives* not so long ago, and now he is announced to have done the same service for Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*.

II. The Newest Books.

THROUGH ASIA.

BY SVEN HEDIN.

At last Sven Hedin's book of travel lies on our table. It is enormous. It is incredible. It is in two volumes, and these contain 100 chapters, two maps, 261 illustrations, and 1,278 pages. The work weighs 7 lbs. 5½ oz.; yet the author is so little satisfied with its capacity that he intends to issue a supplementary volume. Dr. Sven Hedin here records his travels from the Russian Pamirs to the gates of Peking; and we give these figures, not in order to suggest that the traveller's work is too bulky, but to indicate its exhaustive character. Sven Hedin is a Swede, and his expedition had

he was careful to take ten days' supply of water. This precaution, which seemed so wise, was but foolishness. The journey took a month. Men and camels lay down one by one, and were never seen again. Each day the miserable remnant of water splashed more mockingly in the iron cisterns, and the bells of the fainting camels became more funereal. It was literally a voyage by compass across an unknown sea of sand. When the first tamarisk tree of the Khotan-daria watershed was reached, Hedin had but one companion left, his faithful Kasim, a professional caravan-leader. The book is profoundly interesting; and the translation, by Mr. Bealby, most convincing. (Methuen. 2 vols. 1,278 pp. 36s. net.)



SVEN HEDIN'S PARTY MARCHING IN A SAND STORM.

the support of King Oscar. His avowed aim was to traverse Asia from west to east, from the Caspian Sea to Peking, and the programme which he laid before King Oscar was adhered to in essentials. The most important variations were, firstly, the breaking up of one continuous journey into several expeditions, with intervals for refreshment; and, secondly, the abandonment (prudent, no doubt) of any attempt to reach Lhasa. The pith of the book is the terrible experience which Hedin had in a hitherto unexplored part of the great Desert of Gobi. His race against thirst across the eternal sand-dunes of the Desert of Taklu-makan makes breathless reading. The starting-point was the bank of the Yarkand-daria, the objective was the bank of the Khotan-daria. Hedin had been assured that the journey was one of four days, but

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES.

BY A. H. THOMPSON.

Mr. J. Wells's pretty little volume, *Oxford and Its Colleges*, demanded an obvious successor. This book has now been written, and, like its forerunner, it is illustrated by Mr. Edmund H. New. Mr. Thompson has confessedly borrowed Mr. Wells's method; indeed, the aspects of the two volumes are minutely the same. We turn to the chapter on Christ's College and find Milton's life there described as fully as we had a right to expect. Mr. Thompson thinks it is not improbable that Johnson's statement, that Milton was flogged here by Mr. Chappell, is true. "The University was then nothing but a large public school, and each college was a separate boarding-house. Milton when he went up was just sixteen, and boys of sixteen

are not past flogging." Turning to Trinity we find Mr. Thompson contrasting Tennyson and Thackeray rather boldly. Apart from his friendship with Hallam, Mr. Thompson thinks that Tennyson "was otherwise not greatly attached to Cambridge. He lived at some distance from Trinity, in Corpus Buildings, and went down without taking his degree. We should like more evidence of Tennyson's coldness to Cambridge to set against certain verses in "In Memoriam." Of Thackeray Mr. Thompson says—with a like emphasis—that he "kept his love for Cambridge, and was at heart a don." Well, there are dons and dons. Mr. New's illustrations are from photographs: he has, so to speak, extracted the square root of the photograph in each case. (Methuen. 316 pp. 3s. 6d. net.

THE HIGH PYRENEES. BY H. SPENDER AND H. L. SMITH.

Good guide-books to easily accessible but not overrun portions of the globe are always entertaining. They serve both to interest one at the time and to supply building materials for castles in Spain. "Some day we must go there," we say. Before us lies a peculiarly entertaining volume of this kind, *Through the High Pyrenees*, by Mr. Harold Spender and Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith. The High Pyrenees are wild and picturesque, there is an element of danger always present, and, so far as we know, Messrs. Cook do not convey large parties thither. Hence the value of this book. Not the least interesting ground covered by the travellers was the "Vallées et Souveraineté Andorre," a tiny state which lies betwixt Spain and France and recognises both as suzerain and neither as master. Here is a nice scrap of dialogue between Mr. Spender and an Andorran: "And your police? what of them?" "We have no police." "Then who looks after your criminals?" "Oh! the peasants do that—the peasants." "But where is your prison?" "Over there," he said, pointing to a small, dirty, decayed building, resembling a large poultry-house, its door blocked with stones, and its windows broken and cobwebbed. "Is there anyone there?" "No one." The book has many illustrations and a good map. Altogether it is most excellently done. (Innes. 370 pp. 16s.)

THE NEW ENGLAND POETS.

BY W. C. LAWTON.

The New England Poets are Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and—Hawthorne; and the critic says in his preface that even Yankee loyalty, with all its warm throbbings, concedes that "Katahdin is not Olympus. The Charles of the Merrimac knew not the impetuous spring current of Arno. Lowell's noblest ode has no Pindaric splendour. Longfellow's epics of dying civilisations cannot set Gabriel and Hiawatha beside Odysseus or Æneas." This is handsome for Yankee loyalty; which, adds Mr. Lawton, realises the shortcomings of the New England poets as clearly as "Brunetière or Saintsbury could expound it." Yet

Mr. Lawton has none the less made a genial and worthy little book of praise and exposition of the poets he loves. As a specimen of his criticisms we may mention that he believes that by "Snowbound" Whittier's name will live as long as the influence of New England itself is remembered among men; and we agree with him. (Macmillan. 265 pp. 3s. 6d.)

ANNALS OF ETON.

BY WASEY STERRY.

No school is too obscure for a book to be made from it; hence, when an author with an eye for character comes to Eton, with all its four centuries of tradition, the result is bound to be entertaining. In the *Annals of the King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor* (for such is his elaborate title) Mr. Wasey Sterry offers a treasury of quaint and interesting reading. In no hands could these records have been so bungled as to be dull, but Mr. Sterry by his skill and vivacity has given them new life; so that no loyal Etonian can be truly happy until the volume is his. "Give me," said Savile, thirteenth Provost of Eton, "the plodding student; if I would look for wits I would go to Newgate—there be the wits." Yet the school produced its wits in shoals, and presumably the most of them kept the right side of Newgate all their lives. Mr. Sterry is among them. The kings appear here and there pleasantly in these pages, so rich in the "humours" of men. We see George the Third listening to the boasts of old Jacob Bryant. "You were an Etonian, Mr. Bryant," said his Majesty, "but, pray, for what were you most famous at school?" Miss Burney, who tells the story, says that all the listeners expected, from the celebrity of his scholarship, to hear the old man answer—his Latin exercises; but no such thing! "Cudgelling, sir; I was most famous for that. . . . Your Majesty, sir, knows General Conway?

Stratford Bannister

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Edward Geoffrey S. Stanley

Arthur Henry Hallam

Burnburne Algernon Charles

SIGNATURES OF FAMOUS ETONIANS.

I broke his head for him. . . . And there's another man, sir—a great stout fellow, sir, as ever you saw—Dr. Gibbon, of the Temple—I broke his head too, sir." Keate and his flogging fill, of course, many pages. } "Boy, what book is that you are carrying?" said Keate thunderously to

the youthful Sir Thomas Whichcote, whom he met in one of the passages. It proved to be a dictionary. "I thought it was a Bible. Read your Bible, boy, or I'll flog you." Mr. Sterry rounds off his remarks on Keate very prettily with an anecdote, contributed by one of his pupils, of Keate in retirement at Hartley, where he died, aged seventy-nine, in 1852. The old pupil visited him there, and found the great head master on the lawn with his coat off, surrounded by a parcel of children, boys and girls, playing baby cricket. "The first words he heard were: 'Mrs. Keate, that's not fair—petticoat before wicket.'" While on the subject of Arthur Hallam Mr. Sterry might, we think, have used with advantage something of Mr. Gladstone's paper of reminiscences which appeared early this year.

The reference to Mr. Gladstone's funeral proves him to have had the opportunity. The book is illustrated with portraits and views. We reproduce a photograph of a scene in "The Rovers," showing the Speech Day dress of Collegiates and Oppidans, and showing, too, incidentally, that Etonians are not above mere anachronism, or they would no introduce the *Daily Mail* into that play. We

reproduce also facsimile signatures of some famous Eton scholars. (Methuen. 362 pp. 7s. 6d.)



SCENE FROM "THE ROVERS" AT ETON—JUNE 4, 1898.]

HAWAII AND A REVOLUTION.

BY MARY H. KROUT.

SOUTH SEA politics and the rise of a lady journalist may be studied together in this volume. Miss KROUT foresaw the downfall of the Hawaiian monarchy, and started to Honolulu as crisis correspondent. A sprained ankle (occupying sixty-five pages of the book) delayed, but did not deter, Miss KROUT, who set foot in Honolulu lame, but exulting to behold the "chimneyless houses standing in gardens crowded with palms, and mango trees, and feathery algarobas; the hedges of flaming hibiscus, and the long pendent gardens of rose-coloured bougainvillea."

Miss KROUT exulted even more to behold Robert Louis Stevenson at Apia:

Just as I was about to leave the ship a boat came out, rowed by an unusually comely crew of Samoans. In the bow stood a tall, slender figure, clad in spotless white from head to foot. It was Robert Louis Stevenson. He stood directing his men with the utmost gentleness, speaking so softly that he could not be heard at the ship's side when they approached the ladder. His face was swarthy, and seemed greatly emaciated, and his large dark eyes were like two burning stars. The hands were thin, nervous, expressive. Few faces have half the expression of these long, slender, delicate fingers. Stevenson was a great favourite with the ship's officers on both the

Alameda and the *Mariposa*, and, as usual, he and his family lunched on board. There were no ice machines in Africa, and ices were always specially prepared on these occasions—a rare treat. With his great genius there was nothing of arrogance in his manner to the simple, warm-hearted officers; he was as unaffected and straightforward as they, and met their cordial advances more than halfway. His men rowed him to the ladder, and he sprang by

lightly from the boat and ran up the steps like a cat.

The book—an entertaining and informing one—is illustrated, but there is no snap-shot of R. L. S. running up the steps like a cat. (Murray. 332 pp. 10s. 6d.)

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO. BY MAJOR A. GRIFFITHS.

THE chief attraction of this elaborate work on Wellington will doubtless be in the illustrations. There are nearly three hundred pages, and every page has at least one print, frequently two or three. Major Griffiths, as the Commander-in-Chief tells us in a laudatory preface, is a distinguished officer of the Staff College, and has already shown his prowess with the pen. He has here written an interesting account of Wellington. (Newnes.)

MEMOIRS OF JOHN A. HERAUD.

BY EDITH HERAUD.

John Heraud's was a good example of the ordinary successful literary life. That it should achieve biographical form is due to his daughter's devotion, and to the fact that he was a correspondent of Southey. It is curious to find Southey painting the profession of authorship in hues no less dark than those which Lamb employed to dissuade Bernard Barton from taking to letters for a livelihood. Southey writes:

Believe me, when I tell you that of all modes of life, that of the man who trusts to his literary exertions alone for support is the most miserable. And the very end at which he aims in his outset—that of improving and exalting his intellectual faculties—is most effectually defeated by the means which he pursues. They are worn and jaded by the daily labour to which they must be subjected, and they are inevitably degraded and polluted by the necessity of writing for immediate effect and sale, and consequently of following the humour of the times.

Heraud wrote epic after epic, submitting each to Southey, but it is singular that not a line is here quoted from these works. His real ability lay in prose. He became a busy contributor to the magazines, and edited *Fraser's* for three years. Heraud also held the post of dramatic critic to the *Athenæum* and the *Illustrated London News*. In the end Southey's warnings were proved to have been in a measure justified, for Mr. Heraud's means declined, and he ended his days—serenely—as a Brother of the Charterhouse. An interesting record of a literary life. (Redway. 160 pp. 7s. 6d.)

KING RÉNÉ'S CABINET.

BY JOHN P. SEDDON.

The title of this book—*King René's Honeymoon Cabinet*—is a veil through which we pass into a delightful by-way of Pre-raphaelite art. What was King René's honeymoon cabinet? It was a case of shelves and drawers which Mr. John P. Seddon designed for himself in 1861 to hold his architectural drawings. The cabinet, which stood in Mr. Seddon's office chambers in Whitehall, was of oak inlaid with root of oak, ebony, box, and other woods, and was fitted with hinges and handles of wrought metal. When Mr. Seddon had done his part, and had made to himself an honest cabinet, he determined to have it decorated, and he applied to William Morris, who was then associated in decorative work with Philip Webb, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Edward Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, and Faulkner-Morris. In the end the decoration of the cabinet fell into the hands of Morris, Brown, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Valentine Prinsep, and others. Morris edited the work, so to speak. He prepared the panels and arranged the backgrounds. But it was Ford Madox Brown “who suggested that a series of imaginary incidents in the “Honeymoon” of King René [of Naples] should be made use of to express the various fine arts,” René having been proficient in them all, and in

his honeymoon having talked of nothing but love and the house he would build. Here, after many years, the fruits of all these joint and distinguished labours are published. Some of the designs have become familiar in one way and another. But Mr. Seddon is to be thanked for reproducing them in a series of beautiful photogravures, and for telling again the story of their origin. The cabinet and the book form an illustration of a theory which Mr. Seddon has never wearied of urging, that “in the unity and fellowship of the several arts lies their power.” (Batsford. 16 pp. 5s.)

SIX ROYAL LADIES.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

The mantle of Agnes Strickland has fallen on Miss (or Mrs.) Sarah Tytler, whose *Tudor Queens* and *Lives of Marie Antoinette* and *Queen Victoria* are now succeeded by *Six Royal Ladies of the House of Hanover*. This book is in the true Strickland vein. The author sets forth the lives of these six royal ladies—each, in turn, Queen of England—with much detail, from the mercenary marriage of the Electress Sophia, conducted with the quaint pomp of a German Court, to the wild funeral of Queen Caroline, hunted and buffeted, like a croquet ball, through Temple Bar. We select one anecdote of George II. On the death of George I., which took place in Hanover, the tidings were brought by Sir Robert Walpole from London to Richmond Lodge, where the Court was residing.

The bluff, heavily-built Prime Minister rode post-haste at mid-day through the June heat and dust, and sought an immediate private interview with George. In vain the Princess and her ladies represented the impossibility of granting his request, since the Prince was at that moment enjoying his after-dinner nap. Sir Robert, knowing the importance of his errand, was not to be denied. He took it upon him to enter the royal bedroom, and knelt down stiffly in his jack-boots by the bed. The Prince started up, shouting furiously who dared to disturb him. “I am Sir Robert Walpole,” said the panting, undaunted intruder. “I have the honour to announce to your Majesty that your royal father, George I., died at Osnabrück on Saturday last, the 4th instant.”

“Dat's one big lie!” was the first exclamation of the son and heir.

(Hutchinson. 342 pp. 12s.)

PARISH PRIESTS.

BY REV. E. CUTTS.

The ritualistic quarrel in the Church of England is having one indubitably good result: it is bringing to light a large amount of curious lore connected with the English parish church. Among books born of the controversy, though not directly concerned with it, may be numbered Mr. Cutts's book, *Parish Priests and their People in the Middle Ages in England*. It is a simple exposition of its subject, such as thousands of people who are fond of visiting country churches undoubtedly need. Mr. Cutts imparts useful root ideas. Thus many a reader will gasp

with understanding when he is told why rectors are usually responsible for the repair of the chancel, and the people for the repair of the nave. The forerunner of the rector placed his portable altar in the open air, and there celebrated mass to our Saxon ancestors.

But in rainy weather this was inconvenient and unseemly; and the rector of the parish provided a kind of little chapel for the protection of the altar and the ministrant; indeed, there is an ancient foreign canon which requires rectors to do so. Then the parishioners, for their own shelter from the weather, built a nave on to the chancel, communicating with it by an arch through which the congregation could conveniently see and hear the service.

It reminds one of two Quaker ladies telescoping their bonnets in their desire to speak at close quarters. Mr. Cutts devotes chapters to "Vicarages," "Parsonage Houses," "Clerical Vestments," "Services," &c., and his pages are quickened by photographic reproductions of illuminations, and drawings of churches and architectural features. The book has had the advantage of revision by the Bishop of Oxford. (S. P. C. K. 579 pp. 7s. 6d.)

New Editions.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

BY JANE AUSTEN.

Of the making of many editions of Jane Austen's novels there is no end. At least five publishers have issued the familiar series in the last two or three years; and now Mr.



JANE AUSTEN AT SIXTEEN.

J. M. Dent is reissuing his ten pretty volumes, with new embellishments on the cover, and with tinted illustrations by Messrs. C. E. and H. M. Brock. The result will be a

very dainty set of books. The value of Messrs. Brock's illustrations is another matter. We have long been convinced that Jane Austen's characters refuse to fit any artist's mould. But the delicately tinted symbols for Willoughby and the Miss Dashwoods which Messrs. Brock have provided in the two volumes before us are sure to be popular. We reproduce the pretty portrait of Jane Austen, which forms the frontispiece to the inaugural volume. It was painted at Bath by Johann Zoffany, and represents Jane Austen at the age of sixteen. The original is now in the possession of the Rev. J. Morland Rice, rector of Bramber, Sussex, and grandson of Miss Austen's second brother, Edward. (Dent. 2 vols. 5s. net.)

JANE EYRE.

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Mr. Grant Richards should feel sincerely flattered by the edition of the novels of the Brontë Sisters which a neighbouring firm of publishers has just begun. The editor is Mr. Temple Scott, and the first of the series is *Jane Eyre*, and had not Mr. Grant Richards's Winchester Edition of *Jane Austen* come first we might have given these volumes more praise. However, for those who are less fastidious, and who want *Jane Eyre* in two volumes of nearly eight hundred pages in all, with a beautiful portrait, the Thornton Edition is the one to buy. (Downey & Co. 405 pp. and 372 pp. 10s.)

Varia.

Mrs. Molesworth's Christmas book for 1898 is called *THE MAGIC NUTS* (Macmillan. 194 pp. 4s. 6d.) and it is the story of Leonore and her visit to Dorp, and her friend the little Baroness Hildegard, and their adventures among fairies — all done in Mrs. Molesworth's own incommunicable manner. The illustrations, by Miss Rosie M. Pitman, though pretty, are not quite worthy of the book. — Another pleasing Christmas book is *STORIES FROM HUMBLE LIFE* (Macmillan. 95 pp. 4s. 6d.) by C. M. Duppa, wherein you may read of Jim, the terrier, who had a chocolate nose and a friend named Brisk, a retriever; and of Don, a gluttonous pointer, who once ate two feet of rope because it had been lying near fish and had thus acquired a flavour; and of Dick, the bullfinch; and of "Melanthe," a black thoroughbred mare; and of other agreeable creatures. These little biographies are very pleasantly told, and there are pictures by Mr. Louis Wain. — Other animals await the curious reader in *FABLES BY FAL* (Duckworth & Co. 68 pp. 3s. 6d.), among them being a little black pig named Adam, who was in love and lived in a garden; and a dormouse named Lazarus, who said "Dash it all! this is a bit too thick"; and a pug named Elizabeth, but called Aunt Martha, because (such is human depravity) to call it so annoyed a real aunt of that name. The fables are somewhat amusing, but not always in the best taste. The author lacks discipline, especially as a writer for children. Sir Philip Burne-Jones's illustrations are only fair.

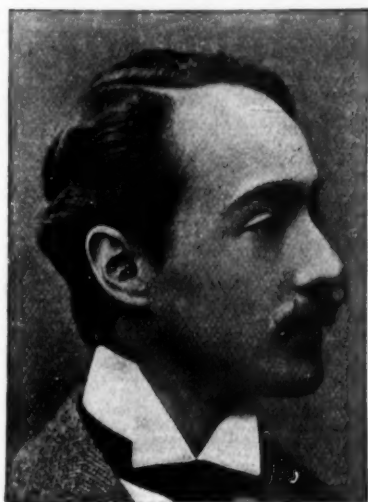
Reviews.

Lhasa the Desired.

I. The Foiled Explorer.

In the Forbidden Land: an Account of a Journey in Tibet, Capture by the Tibetan Authorities, Imprisonment, Torture, and Ultimate Release. By A. Henry Savage Landor. With Official Documents appended, Maps, and 250 Illustrations. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 700 pages. 32s. net.)

FROM earliest days small good has attended those who have tried to feast upon forbidden fruit. A perusal of Mr. Savage Landor's latest narrative, describing his attempt to visit the sacred city of Lhasa, leaves one, while affording a certain measure of sensational interest, with a profound sense of the author's recklessness in disregarding



THE AUTHOR, BEFORE THE ATTEMPT—FEB. 1897.

all warnings and pushing on to what he must have been aware was certain and absolute disaster. Mr. Landor gives us to understand that he is not like other men. He dwells with some satisfaction on his powers of endurance, his fearlessness, his conciliatory manners, and his obstinacy. He had himself photographed taking an ice-water bath at an altitude of 16,000 feet, and draws particular attention to the icicles forming all over him. He even gives one the impression that he is gratified at having been tortured, and from the amount of documentary and testamentary evidence which he has collected upon the subject plainly shows that he considers his case an extremely interesting one both to the Government which he put to the trouble of inquiring into it, and to the world at large. One may be excused for withholding the full tribute of admiration that Mr. Landor evidently expects. That he is a plucky and hardy explorer, that he was actuated by scientific motives in undertaking his journey, we are free to admit; but there are two sides to the

conduct of a man who deliberately forces his head into a lion's mouth, knowing that the lion does not want him, and if he gets mauled in the process most people would feel that he had met with little more than his deserts.

Mr. Landor approached Tibet by the way of Almora, and after a sojourn at Garbyang, in the Shoka district, long enough to learn that every precaution was being taken by the authorities to prevent his entering the country, made a bolt over the mountains by the way of the Lumpia Pass. The record of this journey is one of continued hardship and danger, culminating in the narrow escape of the explorer himself at an altitude of 22,000 feet. The passage describing how he and his companion were overtaken by exhaustion and sleep on the summit to which they had attained is best left to the author's own graphic hand:

Falling backwards on the snow, I made a last desperate effort to gaze at the glittering stars . . . my sight became dim and obscured. . . . For how



THE AUTHOR, AFTER THE ATTEMPT—OCT. 1897.

long this semi-consciousness lasted I do not know. "God! how ghastly! Doctor! Kachi!" I tried to articulate. My voice seemed choked in my throat. . . . I tried to scream, to force myself through the suffocating weight on me. I gave a violent plunge and then everything had vanished. The frozen Kachi, the doctor, the transparent tomb! Nothingness! At last I was able to open my eyes, which ached as if needles had been stuck into them. It was snowing hard. I had temporarily lost the use of my legs and fingers. They were frozen. So violent was the shock of realising how very near death I had really been, that on awaking from the ghastly nightmare I became acutely alive to the importance of making my way to a lower level.

It is worth noticing at this point that Mr. Landor throughout the narrative is generally suffering from frost-bite, wounds, or the temporary loss of limbs; he is often at the point of death, and by the time he reaches the climax of his story must have been a mere wreck. Yet he

is wonderfully little incommoded or discouraged by these trials; his spirits easily rise above such trifles, and after the tortures to which he was subjected his bodily prowess was such that he could put to flight a large armed guard with no better weapon than a handful of stones. In this respect he must certainly have beaten all the world's records for endurance; and trying to realise his physical condition we no longer wonder at the complacency with which he records his undiminished vigour.

We have already heard all about Mr. Landor's capture, the brutal flogging of his attendant, his imprisonment, and the torture to which he was subjected of having a red-hot bar of iron placed close to his eyes, and of being bound with his legs stretched apart to a heavy log, while his arms were handcuffed behind and suspended to a high post. His survival of this treatment, and of the journey on a spiked saddle which followed it, together with his almost miraculous recovery on reaching civilisation, have led certain Indian papers and people to question the absolute accuracy of his description. It is fair to say that the inquiry conducted by Mr. Larkin into the circumstances of the case, and his report, together with the depositions of Mr. Landor's two companions, fully bear out in substance the account he gives of his treatment, among the witnesses examined being some who actually took part in the proceedings.

So far, then, we may congratulate Mr. Landor on his remarkable escape, without inquiring too closely, in the sceptical spirit of little Peterkin, whether his "glorious victory" was worth the price. Mr. Landor's claims, in regard to the value of his achievement, may be briefly set forth in his own words:

- (1) The solution of the uncertainty regarding the division of the Mansarowar and Rakstal Lakes;
- (2) the ascent to so great an altitude as 22,000 feet, and the pictures of some of the great Himalayan glaciers;
- (3) the visit to and the fixing the position of the two principal sources of the Brahmaputra, never before reached by a European;
- (4) the fact that with only two men he was able to travel so long in the most populated part of Tibet.

In addition we may mention that he has compiled a map from careful surveys of the region he was in, and has made a large number of notes, as well as sketches and photographs, of ethnological subjects, which are of distinct importance as bearing upon a country which, *teste* Mr. Landor's own experience, is practically inaccessible to Europeans.

Of Mr. Landor's book, it is enough to say that it is well and fully illustrated with process blocks made from drawings and photographs very much touched up, and with coloured plates from the artist's own sketches. An effective cover is made out of a design embodying the gyves worn by the author and a Buddhist praying-wheel.

II. The Successful Missionaries.

Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China, During the Years 1844-5-6. By M. Huc. Translated by W. Hazlitt. (Kegan Paul & Co. 2 vols. 326 pp. and 342 pp. 10s.)

FOOLS, it is known, dash in where angels fear to tread, and there are also instances of missionaries dashing in where intrepid and experienced travellers fail. Such was the case with MM. Huc and Gabet, the two mild and modest French priests who, fifty years ago, without fuss, steadily made their untortured way from China across Thibet and entered Lhasa with the message of Christianity on their lips. It is true that they were not allowed to stay there as long as they had hoped; but they were in the Forbidden Land and the Sacred City for a sufficient time to gather enough facts to make an interesting and very valuable book, which, on its appearance in the forties (both in France and England), fascinated our fathers



MM. HUC AND GABET.

much in the way that the writings of Nansen and Stanley have fascinated us. M. Huc, to whom the task of writing fell, had a genius for minute and patient description. Here is a passage from the account of Lhasa itself:

The Regent was amazed at seeing how far we were from our native land, and what a long journey we had been obliged to make by land and water to come and pay Lim a visit in the capital of Thibet. He regarded us with astonishment, and then raised the thumb of his right hand, saying, "You are men like that," signifying in the figurative language of the Thibetans: "You are men of a superlative stamp."

To all readers of Mr. Landor's book who wish to supplement the information concerning the Forbidden Land there given we can recommend the work of M. Huc. Time cannot mar the interest of his and M. Gabet's daring and successful enterprise.

A Quibble in Psychology.

The Unconscious Mind. By Alfred F. Schofield, M.D.,
M.R.C.S. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

DR. SCHOFIELD, who is a physician in West End practice, declares the object of his book to be :

To establish the fact of an unconscious mind in man . . . to show that this mind is the seat of character, of conscience and the spirit life, the source of conduct, of instinct, of tact, and the thousand qualities that make us what we are, the home of memory, the ultimate governor and ruler of all actions and functions of the body, and in every way a most important factor in our psychical and physical life.

This is a most comprehensive claim, and if Dr. Schofield made it good, his book would be the greatest metaphysical and physiological treatise of the century. But after plodding through his 400 odd pages, we do not discover that he does more than assert that what other men from the days of Dugald Stewart downwards have classed as conscience, instinct, tact, memory, etc., ought to be called the "unconscious mind." In this controversy about terms, we confess to being but moderately interested. "Mind" is a word of such peculiar and definite associations that one has some compunction in giving it the extension that Dr. Schofield advocates. Descartes, Locke, and, generally speaking, the metaphysical writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, treated "mind" as synonymous with "consciousness," and, popularly speaking, that definition still holds good, although everybody who has studied the subject knows that a vast amount of brain and nerve function, including the whole of the vital processes, are carried on outside the sphere of consciousness. Our more obscure, mental, and physical acts we speak of as "intuitive" or "mechanical"; Dr. Schofield insists that they are the outcome of the "unconscious mind," but the whole thing strikes us as a quibble. Certainly there is nothing new in the idea that mental action may be either conscious or unconscious. It is as old as Leibnitz, who established a distinction between "perception," consciousness, and "apperception," or unconsciousness. Kant admitted that unconscious sensations and perceptions formed the bulk of our mental states, and it would be difficult to name a metaphysical writer of any note who has not either directly or by implication admitted all that Dr. Schofield is bent upon proving. Taine puts the matter very clearly when he compares the human mind to a darkened stage, with a small patch of light in the centre of it called "consciousness." So much of our mental action as falls within that patch of light we are aware of; the rest passes in the obscurity and escapes our notice at the time, though its effects may come within the sphere of consciousness later. Dr. Schofield, in short, is a wonderful *enforceur de portes ouvertes*, and his method of demonstration reminds us of that of the old Scotch lady who, being asked to prove that the devil had

horns and a tail, triumphantly turned to a picture in the family Bible showing the fiend with those appendages.

The book is prefaced with a diagram of the brain, showing "conscious" and "unconscious" sections, which are as unwarranted, according to the present state of our psycho-physiological knowledge as are the "bumps" on a phrenological head. At a glance one sees that Dr. Schofield is a very rash and prejudiced person, ready to sacrifice truth to a preconceived notion. The whole of the cortex, with its sensory and motor area, he describes as the seat of consciousness; all our unconscious acts, including presumably memory, he assigns (according to the diagram) to the lower ganglia of the brain. This is grotesquely, not to say culpably, unscientific, and robs the book of any value except as a collection of extracts from distinguished writers. As for memory, science can say no more at present than that it is probably a faint re-excitation of the original group of sensory or motor cells involved in a given act. That the various sensory and motor areas have by experiment on monkeys' brains and by observation of disease and accident in the human subject been mapped out with tolerable accuracy is very true; that the whole of the functions of the bodily and spiritual life are "energised" and governed by the brain and spinal system may also be affirmed; but as to the nature of thought and consciousness, and cerebral and nerve action generally, we are still in the dark—not absolutely in the dark perhaps, but relatively. We know at least enough to affirm that Dr. Schofield's wholesale relegation of "consciousness" to the outer grey matter is inaccurate. Let us take an example. The act of writing depends partly upon the sensory and partly upon the motor areas of the cortex—sight and touch, and the movements of the hand and arm. At first the operation is wholly "conscious"; it is indeed a laborious effort. But with practice the writing becomes easy, and in the end is carried on independently of consciousness, or as people say, mechanically. The present writer can say for himself not only that he writes whole phrases mechanically, but that his pen, influenced by habit or by some vague analogy in sounds, sometimes runs away with him and writes a word he did not intend. In the third sentence of the present article there occurred a case in point. Unthinkingly, or let us say unconsciously, he wrote "picked" instead of "pinned," and only discovered the mistake on reading the sentence over. Yet consider the very complicated process gone through in the writing of "picked," of which nevertheless the *ego* took no notice. Perhaps the best example of unconscious writing is given by shorthand, in which an expert stenographer will take down a long speech without giving the smallest thought to the stenographic forms.

It will be seen that "consciousness" arises from the friction caused by nerve *stimuli* passing along an unaccustomed path, and that as soon as the path is clear and smooth, as soon as habit becomes established, con-

sciousness in that connexion ceases. The great reason why our vital processes are carried on without consciousness is probably the smoothness of the operation conducted from our earliest years. When disease or accident throws the physical machine out of gear, a *malaise* or jar is felt in the system which only fails to be "conscious" because we are not accustomed to read the meaning of the symptoms. Except through the ordinary channels of sense and the motor areas there is no evidence that any knowledge of the outer world can be obtained by the living creature.

That a great deal of this knowledge is stored unconsciously is certainly true, and the importance of what Dr. Schofield insists upon calling the "unconscious mind" in the moulding of character no psycho-physiologist will deny. But as the raw material of knowledge is unquestionably stored in the cortex, while the middle and basal ganglia of the brain, together with the spinal system, conduct all the vital processes and no doubt help to determine character and temperament as well, what becomes of Dr. Schofield's diagram, which exhibits the human brain conveniently divided into three sections, of which the top one is labelled consciousness, the middle area voluntary actions, and the lowest unconsciousness? Whatever may be the mechanism of mind, it is not assuredly as simple as that. We are still without the smallest notion as to how a sensory or motor act is translated into thought; but it is probable that in the elaboration of ideas or feelings many parts of the brain co-operate. Nay, there is a recent theory of which Dr. Schofield does not appear to have heard, that emotion—a very important element in mental states—depends largely upon the vascular system of our bodies; so that, after all, "bowels of compassion" may not be an empty expression.

Dr. Schofield can, when he likes, be sweepingly inaccurate, or, at least, audacious in his assertions, as when re-echoing Buckle he declares that "mountains produce unconsciously hardihood and bravery; extensive plains, dulness and slowness of temperament; woods and forests, craft and superstition; and the seashore frankness and restlessness." Also that, "despite Weismannism," habits formed in life tend to become hereditary. On the latter point, at least, Mr. Herbert Spencer and the opponents of the "continuity of the germ-plasm" theory would be glad to hear Dr. Schofield's evidence, which they are very much in want of.

The "unconscious mind" seems to us too large and too vague a term to cover all the phenomena that the author of this book, with mistaken zeal, would have it do, and in any case, what we want for the further elucidation of the problem of mind is not a barren wrangle about terminology, but practical demonstration, as far as possible, of the function of all sections of the brain and nervous system. For the moment investigators seem unable to proceed further than the localisation of the sensory and motor areas, but it has never been the way of science to sit down contentedly in front of a blank wall.

Plain Speaking from Truthful James.

Studies on the Red Book of the Exchequer. By J. H. Round, M.A. (Privately Printed.)

MR. ROUND, as Prof. Freeman and others have known, was "ever a fighter." Now he has gone in, heart and soul, and with evident enjoyment, for "one fight more." The three papers printed in this little *brochure* are part of a campaign against the edition of the great Exchequer record, the *Liber Rubens*, "second only in honour to Domesday Book itself," recently published in the Rolls Series by Mr. Hubert Hall, of the Record Office. Mr. Round complains that he was not allowed to review this work; that in one place "a successful intrigue" averted the publication of his criticism; and that it was excluded also from the columns of the *English Historical Review* because of the avowed objection of its present editor to "controversy." Therefore, Mr. Round has been obliged to say what he wanted to say, as he could, in papers in the *Genealogist* and *Genealogical Magazine*, and in these "privately printed" studies. What Mr. Round wanted to say appears to be this: that Mr. Hall's work, "instead of increasing our knowledge, has increased our darkness"; that his "vast Preface is devoted, not only to assaults upon the truth, but to the most extraordinary tissue of guesses, conjectures, and confusion that has ever appeared, to my knowledge, in any official work"; that "it is not possible to cure that looseness and confusion of thought which lies at the root of heresy after heresy in Mr. Hall's inflated Preface."

There is no mincing of words here, it will be perceived, but right down hammer-and-tongs plain speaking. Indeed, though we by no means share the dislike of controversy ascribed to the editor of the *English Historical Review*, we cannot but feel that the finer graces of polemic are lacking to Mr. Round's method. He does not, as honest Izaak Walton advised, put on his frog "as if he loved it": the neat rapier-thrust of polished satire is not his, rather the "swashing blow" of a Salmasius or a Milton. Indeed, he reaches his finest point on the title-page, where he quotes from Sir Frederick Pollock, in the *English Historical Review* already referred to, the dictum that, "not the least of Mr. Round's merits is that the next generation will never want to know how much rubbish he has swept or helped to sweep away."

Unfortunately the points at issue are highly technical. So much as this, however, is clear, that Mr. Round's attack is *prima facie* a most damaging one, and that it behoves Mr. Hall, more especially as his edition of the *Liber Rubens* was an official one in the Rolls Series, to meet it speedily with a complete and well-considered defence.

If Mr. Round cannot maintain his position, he will have run his head into a pretty hornet's nest. But then Mr. Round is a hornet's nest in himself.

The Newest Fiction.

A Guide for Novel Readers.

SEA URCHINS.

BY W. W. JACOBS.

Fifteen short stories of the sea, by the diverting author of *Many Cargoes*. Some of the titles are: "Smoked Kipper"; "Pickled Herring"; "The Grey Parrot"; "The Lost Ship"; "The Cabin Passenger"; "Brother Hutchins." Students of Mr. Jacobs's humour (and who is not?) will know what to expect. (Lawrence & Bullen. 243 pp. 3s. 6d.)

DOMITIA.

BY S. BARING GOULD.

The inspiration for this novel came to Mr. Baring Gould while engaged in accumulating material for his *Tragedy of the Cæsars*. "I was held irresistibly by one face—it was that of Domitia Longina . . . In the Chiaramente Gallery is an incomparably lovely bust of her, taken, I think, just when she was married to Lamia. . . ." Mr. Gould also saw two other busts of Domitia. "That face has haunted me for seven or eight years, and in this story I have endeavoured to tell what I thought was her inner life's tale." (Methuen. 376 pp. 6s.)

AN ANTARCTIC MYSTERY.

BY JULES VERNE.

Jules Verne's latest story, translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, is by way of sequel to Poe's romance of Arthur Gordon Pym, the Antarctic explorer. Pym is assumed to have been a real personage, and his fate is unravelled in an expedition to the Antarctic regions. Here the explorers find an enormous sphinx-like magnet, which draws the iron and steel from every vessel that passes within range. Pym's fate is discovered to be connected with this monster of magnetism. The story has all Jules Verne's qualities. (Sampson Low. 327 pp. 6s.)

ACROSS THE WORLD FOR A WIFE.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Mr. Boothby seems to know not rest. His contributions to fiction are almost torrential, and all have the same quality of vigorous and breathless sensationalism. The narrator of this story is Cuthbert Brudenell, and on the last page but one is the record of his marriage. Hence his travels, although exciting, were not vain. "In a flash I saw Vargenal pick up something and bring it down upon the traitor's head"—and so on. The book has lurid pictures. (Ward, Lock & Co. 379 pp. 5s.)

A WRITER OF BOOKS.

BY GEORGE PASTON.

Here we have the upward literary struggles of Cosima Chudleigh, a young woman who begins work at the British Museum Reading Room. Cosima's worldly knowledge comes just too late to save her from a loveless marriage. Her fiancé's jocosity "was his most irritating characteristic. . . . For example, when a crowded railway carriage or tramcar had to be entered, he invariably observed: 'There's room for a little one,' and evidently felt that he had done his duty

by the situation. . . . Cosima found herself awaiting the remark upon a 'little 'un' with clenched hands and set teeth, and drawing a sigh of relief as soon as it was over." A clever and readable story. (Chapman & Hall. 344 pp. 6s.)

GOD IS LOVE.

BY T. MULLETT ELLIS.

According to the author's preface this story attempts to "limn" with "absolute truth of detail" the peasantry of the Ardennes. If this be so, the peasantry of the Ardennes are a most abandoned and iniquitous set of people; for drunkenness, covetousness, and lust confront one on every page. However, a tender village maiden, Marie Boes, and a spiritual *curé*, serve as foil, and the story is the story of the girl's triumphant virtue in a welter of temptation and sin. (Burleigh. 229 pp. 3s. 6d.)

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

BY CONSTANCE SMITH.

A story of storm and stress of soul by the author of *The Repentance of Paul Wentworth*. A modern record of modern people. This is one of the characters: "She rode, she fished, she bicycled, she skirt-danced and sang Yvette Guilbert's songs; talked agnosticism in the week, and went—for the satisfaction of her æsthetic side—to a ritualistic church on Sunday; read the works of Scandinavian naturalistic writers (in translations), and discussed the Ethics of Art over a cigarette." (Innes 328 pp. 6s.)

MANDERS.

BY ELWYN BARRON.

Manders, the author states, though he began life at the age of eight, "was born in the old, illogical, ridiculous, and infantile way." Manders's mother became an artist's model, and he grew up into a singer and sang "Siegfried" at Covent Garden. The novel, however, is not concerned with that, but with Mr. Blakemore's relations with Manders's mother, and how the boy proved himself a knight of chivalry. The story is really the story of a woman and temptation, and it is movingly done. (Macqueen. 329 pp. 6s.)

UNDER THE CUBAN FLAG.

BY FRED A. OBER.

A story of the Cuban revolt, with treasure caves thrown in. There is no end of fighting, and there is exciting work with Indians and bloodhounds. Humour is lent by an orchid-hunting professor and a dentist, who get mixed up in the fighting. The story ends with Maceo's last battle. (D. Nutt. 316 pp. 6s.)

HOLLINHURST.

BY FRANCES A. CALDICOTT.

The Earl of Hollinhurst's nephew was Captain Eric Goodwood, and Gertrude Corbett became his wife. Gertrude Corbett had views on rank: "I fear I must be very democratic," she once said, "for I have little respect for those who owe their greatness to the mere accident of birth." "Then," said her cousin, "you would as soon go for a drive with the butcher's wife as with the countess?"

"Just as soon, supposing the butcher's wife was as well educated and refined as the countess." A novel for romantic girls. (Chapman & Hall. 334 pp. 6s.)

BRUCE REYNELL, M.A.

BY J. DUNCAN CRAIG.

The full title is *Bruce Reynell, M.A. (Locum Tenens)*; or, *The Oxford Man in Ireland*, and Dr. Craig is incumbent of Trinity Church, Dublin. The book is a spirited and earnest story of Irish life and Irish disaffection to-day, and is, in essence, a plea for better religious instruction. The author believes that no real peace can come to Ireland until the Bible is restored to its rightful position there. But although this is the inner meaning of the book, it is for the most part entertaining, brisk, and, at least on the surface, secular. (Stock. 271 pp. 6s.)

JANE FOLLETT.

BY GEORGE WEMYSS.

In the prologue we see the death of Mrs. Strangway—at least, her hat and shawl and a volume of Browning were found on the bank of the river. In the story proper she reappears as Jane Follett, village schoolmistress, a sad and gloomy woman. And then her friend Haddie Reeve became engaged to Strangway—who was a "wit"—and said such smart cynical things as "The heart of society is corrupt and always has been"—and Jane Follett took poison to render the marriage valid. A melancholy work. (Macqueen. 308 pp. 6s.)

HESTER MORLEY'S PROMISE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

Another story by the author of *Jessica's First Prayer*. It is laid in Little Aston, where every family, "even to the lowest classes, possesses a staid respectability and decency, which is chiefly the heritage of those who live in isolated places, divided from the busier, and perhaps the more wicked, world by a girdle of cornfields and meadows . . . There are births, deaths, and marriages; old men retiring from business, and young men attempting small innovations; but the town of Little Aston is always very orderly, and strictly respectable." (Hodder & Stoughton. 526 pp. 6s.)

HEART AND SWORD.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Love, regimental life, and the stage. Hardly an exhilarating story, ending with divorce proceedings and death. (F. V. White & Co. 302 pp. 6s.)

THE MAN STORIES OF A BLACK SNAKE. BY W. A. B.

These snake stories are written by a close lover of nature, who believes that "all intelligence is one, whether in man or beast," and that "what may seem inferior or different to that of man is merely intelligence identical with his, but temporarily prisoned in a material frame of less adequate development." This is how the snake, Uncle Stretcher, describes Man to Widow Sealey's youngster, Wriggle. "'My dear child,' replied the elder snake, when he had turned the situation this way and that, 'a man is an animal like ourselves, only extremely cunning and dangerous.'" (Whittaker. 225 pp. 6s.)

Reviews.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling.

(Macmillan. 381 pp. 6s.)

IN this collection of thirteen stories Mr. Kipling does not flash another facet of his genius upon us as he did in *Captains Courageous*. With sure instinct he labels the volume *The Day's Work*. That is just what these tales are—the day's work of a great imaginative and observant writer, of a master craftsman who, when he has no *magnum opus* on hand, rummages in drawers, peers into cupboards, for notions noted and not forgotten, for beginnings laid aside to be finished in their proper season. Everything Mr. Kipling does has its particular interest, even when he writes of talking ponies, chattering ships, and garrulous locomotives. We may prefer such stories as "Puran Bhagat," "Love o' Women," "The Man who would be King," and "William the Conqueror"; but these other things also are part of him, his day's work, and we are glad of them.

There are many Mr. Kiplings. In this book the various sides of his mind are well represented—the Kipling of later days, who takes an expert's delight in technicalities, as in "The Ship that Found Herself" and "007," romantic text-books on ship sailing and engine driving; the Kipling who endows animals with the feelings and speech of man, as in "The Bridge Builders" and "The Maltese Cat," that delightful polo story (every polo player should know it by heart), where the animals give us their version of the game; the Kipling of mordant, yet genial, humour who loves to tilt the "insular" American against British prejudices, as in "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," and "My Sunday at Home."

Finally, there is the real bed-rock Kipling, whose text is the word "grit"; the Kipling who tells of clean-limbed, healthy-minded, straightforward pioneer men—exiled men—men who do things, not for the sake of reward, but because it happens to be their duty to do them. He is doing a fine work for our race with these portraits of strenuous Englishmen. They stalk through all his books. The gallery is well filled. In this volume more are added to it—Georgie, in "The Brushwood Boy"; Findlayson and Hitchcock, in "The Bridge Builders"; and Scott, in "William the Conqueror." A woman, too, is added to the gallery in the latter story, who

answered indifferently to the name of William or Bill; whose speech was heavy with the flowers of the vernacular; who could act in amateur theatricals, play on the banjo, rule eight servants and two horses, their accounts and their diseases, and look men slowly and deliberately between the eyes—yea, after they had proposed to her and been rejected.

If ever there was a story to tell to boys, this "William the Conqueror" is that story. It is the real Kipling,

with a new note—the note of pity and kindness—a sign of his growth—the promise of fine things to come. The episode of Scott, the babies, and the goats is profoundly moving. The story tells how a handful of Englishmen, being so ordered, went six days into the famine districts of India to organise relief and to save life. Martyn's sister accompanied them. Her name was William: the rest was added, because, like the other William, she conquered. When they had done their work—when the famine was overcome—she and Scott found they loved each other. It is a fine piece of work, and if it contains certain vivid passages that do not seem necessary—well! the story is by Mr. Kipling. As thus William had “stayed down three hot weathers”:

Therefore her face was white as bone, and in the centre of her forehead was a big silvery scar about the size of a shilling—the mark of a Delhi sore, which is the same as a “Bagdad date.” This comes from drinking bad water, and slowly eats into the flesh till it is ripe enough to be burned out with acids.

This is a picture of what the relief party saw when they reached the famine districts:

At last, in a dry, hot dawn, in a land of death, lit by long red fires of railway sleepers, where they were burning the dead, they came to their destination, and were met by Jim Hawkins, the Head of the Famine, unshaven, unwashed, but cheery, and entirely in command of affairs.

Here, finally, is a pastoral extract from “My Sunday at Home”:

It was the very point of perfection in the heart of an English May day. The unseen tides of the air had turned, and all nature was setting its face with the shadows of the horse-chestnuts towards the peace of the coming night. But there were hours yet, I knew—long, long hours of the eternal English twilight—to the ending of the day. I was well content to be alive—to abandon myself to the drift of Time and Fate; to absorb great peace through my skin, and to love my country with the devotion that three thousand miles of intervening sea bring to fullest flower. And what a garden of Eden it was, this fatted, clipped, and washen land.

The Day's Work is a tonic for all who, by reason of the flesh's frailty, sometimes need a tonic to get through their day's work.

Tony Drum. By Edwin Pugh.
(Heinemann. 220 pp. 6s.)

MR. PUGH's book is less a story than a fragment of biography. There is no dramatic movement, no interplay of passions, nothing but a series of episodes in the life of a little London humpbacked boy. These episodes are not particularly interesting, nor is Tony particularly interesting; at most points of the narrative it would be possible for many readers to lay the book down and not pick it up again; yet

few, we think, would altogether forget what they had read. Therein is proof of *Tony Drum's* value, such as it is: it has a note of sincerity which makes for durability; it strikes one as being true, genuine. Tony was like that. Tony's friends in the streets were like that. Tony's sister Honor was like that. Mr. Pugh has added another to authentic records of human nature.

At the same time we do not think that Mr. Pugh has quite justified his book. It seems to us a little underwritten. We could have done with more emphasis, more irony, more poignancy—more Pugh. It is not enough to set down in black and white the thoughts and tribulations of a sensitive child with a mind above the back street he dwelt in. We want more than this: we want to see him



TONY'S FIANCEE.

(From a Picture by the Beggarstaff Brothers.)

impinging on other people; we want a story round him and himself a part of it. Life is not long enough for character sketches of not particularly striking boys to have six-shilling volumes to themselves.

This is part of a singularly good passage. Tony (aged eleven) has found a sweetheart, but she is a little doubtful on account of his deformity:

Tony's face had grown white and stern.
“You're ashamed o' me,” he said.
“I ain't. Oh, Tony!” cried she.
“You are,” he said bitterly.
“But I like you ever so,” she faltered.
“You ought to be proud o' me then, not ashamed o' me,” he said.
“Well, you see, Tony,” she said, “there ain't nothink about you to be proud of.”

"Ain't there!" he cried indignantly. "That's all you know. Why, look here! In the first place, I ain't common. I ain't an ordinary boy. There's millions o' ordinary boys knocking about, but there ain't another boy like me—not in the Row. I wouldn't give a farden, I wouldn't, to have no ordinary boy if I was a gal. I'd look out for a humpy boy, or something, I would. And, besides, I'm eleven, I am. You ought to hear the stories I can make up out o' my own head, all myself. I writ a book once, I did. An' I was a regular marvel at school. Everybody said so!"

"I know you was," said Carrie humbly.

"Well then," he cried, "why ain't you proud o' me?"

"I don't know why it is," she said miserably, "but I ain't."

It seems to us that Tony and Carrie would have talked—are talking to-day—just like that. And in many other places one is persuaded that the author knows his subject and is faithfully presenting it, even if we are not certain of the necessity or importance of the presentation.

Ten coloured lithographs by the Beggarstaff Brothers "illustrate" the book. Some are strikingly good; others are nothing. We reproduce "Tony's Fyanky," or fiancée.

At Home and Abroad.

An Hungarian Nabob. By Maurus Jókai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. (Jarrold. 6s.)

Rodman the Boatsteerer, and Other Stories. By Louis Becke. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE ends of the earth are ransacked for the entertainment of the British reader of novels. Witness the two books before us, taken as they stood on the shelf, including a translated Hungarian romance, and a sheaf of South Sea island tales. Maurus Jókai is a writer who appears to impress his translators, and, not least of all, Mr. Nisbet Bain, very considerably. We cannot say that *An Hungarian Nabob*, although a "national classic," helps us very much to understand this fascination. Regarded merely as a series of scenes of Hungarian country life, it is exceedingly interesting. The writing is vigorous, picturesque, and full of humour. But we cannot bring ourselves to take it seriously as a great work of art, or to class it, as we observe from the publisher's advertisements that other novels of his have been classed by other reviewers, with the masterpieces of Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Molière, and the elder Dumas. In the first place, there is a great deal too much padding. Mr. Nisbet Bain tells us that he has "taken the liberty to cut out a good third of the original work," as he is strongly of opinion that the tale "suffered from an excess of episode." Well, it was a liberty on the part of a translator, and, moreover, the tale suffers from an excess of episode still. It gives one the effect of a book written

for those who are not the author's countrymen—written more to show what Hungary is like than to tell a tale.



MAURUS JÓKAI.

And, secondly, we cannot bring ourselves to regard either of the two principal characters—the Nabob, John Kárpáthy himself, and his good-for-nothing nephew, Abellino Kárpáthy—as in the least convincing. The sudden conversion to respectability of the riotous old debauchee is untrue to life, and his marriage with the girl Fanny Meyer, to save her from Abellino and spite his hopes of inheritance, does not please us as a *dénouement*. There is any amount of native power in *An Hungarian Nabob*, but the art of it is childish and barbaric.

The case of Mr. Louis Becke is otherwise. Here the barbarism is in the subject: the art is quite trained and self-conscious. Mr. Becke knows his Western Pacific well, and the curious hybrid life of natives and half-castes, and traders and derelict whites, that haunts the shores of its fringed islands. And he tells his stories simply and incisively, with an eye to the occasional touches of humanity and pathos which may serve to lighten up his rather sanguinary material. The fault of the book is, no doubt, that it wears a little thin. The types of character used, and probably, for that matter, available, are limited in number, and the sort of things which happen to them, mostly murders, are somewhat limited also. The result is that some of the motives are repeated, and some of the stories have to do without motives. If they were all as good as "The Escapee" we should not grumble.

The Contributors' Playground.

[Contributions for THE CONTRIBUTORS' PLAYGROUND must be signed, and should not exceed 800 words.]

Wagner and Vegetables.

A LITTLE while ago we were fortunate enough to slip into inaccuracy with regard to a forthcoming book by Mr. Bernard Shaw. The mistake has brought us the following diverting chapter of autobiography :

"I see you have been announcing a book by me entitled *The Complete Wagnerite*. This is an error; you are thinking of an author named Izaak Walton. The book, which is a work of great merit, even for me, is called *The Perfect Wagnerite*, and is an exposition of the philosophy of 'Der Ring des Nibelungen.' It is a G. B. eSense of modern Anarchism, or Neo-Protestantism. This lucid description speaks for itself. As it has been written on what the whole medical faculty and all the bystanders declare to be my deathbed, it is naturally rather a book of devotion than one of those vain brilliancies which I was wont to give off in the days of my health and strength.

"My situation is a solemn one. Life is offered to me on condition of eating beefsteaks. My weeping family crowd about me with Bovril and Brand's Essence. But death is better than cannibalism (not to mention that I would not change my hat, much less my diet, on the evidence). I know now that I am mortal, which, in my *Saturday Review*-ing days, I had come to doubt. My will contains directions for my funeral, which will be followed, not by mourning coaches, but by herds of oxen, sheep, swine, flocks of poultry, and a small travelling aquarium of live fish, all wearing white scarves in honour to the man who perished rather than eat his fellow-creatures. It will be, with the single exception of Noah's Ark, the most remarkable thing of the kind yet seen.

"I send you a snapshot of myself as an invalid, taking a little artichoke soup in the intervals of composing *The Perfect Wagnerite*. You will see the seriousness of the dying vegetarian's conversation reflected in the sympathetic countenance of his nurse.

"Should we never meet again, my dear Editor, farewell; and forswear sack and sausages.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

"P.S.—I have just sprained my ankle in trying to master the art of bicycling on one foot. This, with two operations and a fall downstairs, involving a broken arm, is my season's record so far, leaving me in excellent general condition. And yet they tell me a vegetarian can't recuperate!"

Mad Macbeth.

A GENTLEMAN who describes himself, too modestly as "a humble student of contemporary acting," rebukes, in your columns, Mr. Forbes Robertson's delivery of the fine "She should have died hereafter . . ." But does he not a little evade the consideration of this as a part of the actor's entire conception? There is, presumably, no doubt that Shakespeare's thane, in the last acts, is mad. His feverish bloodthirstiness, his passionate avowal that *nothing* must stand in his way, mark the advent of acute mania, and lead up naturally to the vehement rant with which he rushes to death. His disease is what specialists call megalomania, "a vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself and falls" into the gulf of utter insanity. Mr. Robertson, aware that madness is a progressive disease, allows you to witness its progress. It has already begun when Lady Macbeth receives and leads him into the red glow from the fireplace, suffusing his figure with the same "total gules" that, a moment



MR. BERNARD SHAW AS "THE DYING VEGETARIAN."

before, as she mused on the sanguinary purpose already mooted between them, she had allowed to bathe her own hands blood-red, a daring piece of acted symbolism. Macbeth's restless glance, here, his ill-co-ordinated movements (the "staggering" complained of by Mr. Hankin), and his hesitating enunciation, all mark the actor's intent, amply justified in the "book." Already Lady Macbeth fears for his reason (see the text): already the sleeplessness, denounced in his hallucination at the time of the regicide, has commenced; of course this is often an early symptom. But he is not mad yet: he can nerve himself to an occasion which prostrates his wife, as when the crowd has to be faced on the discovery of the murder. But later, when she is dead, it is the strength of mania that supports him; he is *too* mad now to be shaken by even that supreme agony. This is what Mr. Robertson's performance suggests to an onlooker who brought away no perplexity except that of determining whether this, or Mrs. Campbell's truly original conception of a Lady Macbeth who rules her husband by sheer scorn, was the finer and more imaginative.

T. BARON RUSSELL.

The Minor Poet.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Kipling.)

I WENT into a publisher's as woeful as a hearse,
The publisher he ups and says, "Why *will* you chaps write
verse?"

The girl behind the Remington she tittered fit to die,
I outs into the street again and to myself says I:

O it's verses this, and verses that, and writing 'em is wrong;
But it's "special type and vellum" when you hit on some-
thing strong.

You hit on something strong, my boys, you hit on something
strong,

O it's "signed large paper copies," when you hit on some-
thing strong.

I calls upon an editor—a very nice young man—
Says he, "Send in your stanzas and we'll use 'em if we can":
Of course I sends 'em to him in the usual bloomiu' way,
Of course he keeps and keeps 'em, and he's got 'em to this
day!

And it's verses this, and verses that, and verses for to burn;
But they set 'em up in pica when the tide begins to turn,
The tide begins to turn, my boys, the tide begins to turn,
O it's "Two-twelve-six a sonnet" when the tide begins to
turn.

I prints a little book and puts it round like, for review,
Which—when you come to think of it—is the proper thing
to do:

"We have upon our table Mr. Blanky's *Leaves that Fall*,"
And "Another little ship of song! Wants ballast,"—that
was all.

And it's verses this, and verses that, and a par to say you've
sinned;

But it's fine fat full-page notice when you hit 'em in the
wind,

You hit 'em in the wind, my boys, you hit 'em in the wind,
You're a 'owlin', 'eavenly Milton, when you hit 'em in the
wind.

We aint no 'eavenly Miltons, nor we aint no idiots too,
But plodding men with "famblies," and a pile to make, like
you;

And all the time you see us down-at-heel and looking weak
We're a-casting of our bread upon the waters, so to speak:

For it's verses this, and verses that, and things run pretty
rough,

But there's bullion in verses if you only write the *stuff*,
If you only write the *stuff*, my boys, if you only write the
stuff,

O it's yachts and rows of houses if you only write the *stuff*.

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

Theophile Gautier.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER was a wonderful prose writer and a second-rate poet: still he has rhymed things that deserve to live, as, for instance, his *Comédie de la Mort*, as genuine in conception as it is clever in execution. Among his minor lyrics, permit me to bring under your notice the following graceful stanzas:

La lune de ses mains distraites
A laissé choir, du haut de l'air,
Son grand éventail à paillettes
Sur le bleu tapis de la mer.

Pour le ravoir elle se penche
Et tend son beau bras argenté,
Mais l'éventail fuit sa main blanche
Par le flot mouvant emporté.

Au gouffre amer pour te le rendre,
Lune, j'irais bien me jeter,
Si tu voulais du ciel descendre,
Au ciel si je pouvais monter!

It is hardly fair to judge Gautier by his *Emaux et Camées* (see ACADEMY, October 1), a product of his declining talent and spoiled by subsequent insertions of worthless pieces. Whoever wishes to enjoy "Théo" at his best should read his little dramatic "Mystery" called *Une Larme du Diable*, which reminds one of the opening scene in "Faust," and yet is no imitation but thoroughly original in purpose.

THOMAS DELTA.

Things Seen.

Home.

THE Grenadiers were to march down the sloping carriage-way that leads from Waterloo Station into the York-road. The crowd was a dinner-hour crowd breaking its leave. Two men drove up in a coal-cart, their eyes alight with sudden hope, and it was "a tanner for the grand stand." Men clambered up the wheels. Two women were hoisted up like bales, and laughed incontinently when the thing was done. A costermonger was piling patriots on his barrow at sixpence apiece. A rash fellow pierced the crowd with a school-bench, and when it stopped a dozen men rose on it, swaying above the angry heads. A woman staggered by, clasping a broken orange-box that had failed as a plat-

form, but must be saved as firewood. Up above, on the iron bridge, the railway men waited, their hands and faces peeping through the network of cross-trees. Suddenly the music crashed out, and the crowd leapt forward like steel to the magnet. Bayonets, helmets, faces, bayonets, flags—they passed; and a roar answered the *low, row, row* of the drums. The air quivered. Then a grey man emerged, lighting his pipe, and said, "Khaki costume be blowed, they're in red, and I'm blest if the officers' clothes aren't seedier than the men's. Wot's the time?"

Desolation.

LITTLE coils of blue smoke rose from the burning rubbish and thinned as they went. Away to the left I could pick out the semaphores of the Great Eastern Railway, and some tall chimneys rising into the clearer air led the eye to factories and engineering works. The ground was a shameless litter of old boots, old hats, old bottles, old meat tins, old pails and scuttles, old utensils of many kinds. Some of the rubbish had been sorted, so that in one place rusty tins lay together, and in another the green refuse from Stratford Market had been dumped. I was on London's rubbish heap; and if irony were needed to bite the scene into my memory, it was there. For, lo! a white patch of children's exercise books, brought thither, as I guessed, from some near Board School. The children's names were yet upon them; and one little book, whose leaves were being turned by the tainted breeze, showed me, in a child's large hand, again and again, and always, the sentence: "*Consider the lilies.*"

The Old Girl.

WILLUM the gamekeeper is vast. His form has generous curves, the pockets of his velveteen coat bulge roundly, his hands are thick and broad, his red-spotted handkerchief measures a square yard, his fat cheeks fade away into white whiskers, the white whiskers are absorbed into the atmosphere. The whole man is huge, rotund, elemental, like the swelling grass downs under which he dwells.

So familiar is he with sun and dew, rain and wind, so intimate with birds and beasts and woodland and meadow life, so near to the heart of things, that he has come to think of the agglomeration of natural phenomena as a conscious breathing entity. "Good morning," I cry, as, swinging along the road when the day is still young, I pass Willum at his door-post puffing his clay pipe. "Mornin'," he replies, and then with a wave of the stem which takes in sun and fields, clouds and trees, the fowls pecking under the hedge, the pigs in the sty, the long switch-back line of green hills, the rooks tumbling in the breeze above the rookery, he adds, "The old girl's in rare fettle to-day."

At another time I may, blundering through the drizzle, chance on Willum setting a jay trap in one of his preserves (for I am a chartered trespasser). And then, jerking his thumb testily and comprehensively at everything, he may remark, "Dang the old frump! Got the tantrums, I reckon."

I remember in particular a November morning. A mist clung to the earth and there was not a whisper of wind: growth and decay were alike suspended. Willum stood by his door awaiting a shooting party. "Look at her to-day," he said, "holding her breath and plotting devilry." That night we had a hurricane.

The Golden Age.

"TALKING of bathing," said the Captain, "I remember, years and years ago, when I was apprentice, we was lying at Sarawak. Every morning me and Fred Wynn—he was the other apprentice—we had to go a matter of a mile or so through the woods to fetch water. We carried the beaker Chinese fashion, along to a pole acrost our shoulders. Well, the first morning as we drew up to the spring—just a little basin of rock with the water running into it; beautiful water it was, clear as crystal, and cold, cold as ice—as we drew up to the spring, there was a lot of Malay girls standing round. Girls maybe of fifteen or so—that's to say about our own age—and fifteen's a woman in those hot parts. They'd been bathing, and one was in the water when we hove in sight, and as naked as my hand, all of 'em, except for a little chemie thing. Fred was for stopping, but I said, 'Come along, I mean to have a bathe.' Well, the girls stood by laughing among themselves, and just as I was—in a pair of trousers and a singlet—I jumped in, splash! Lord, it nearly cut me in two, it was that cold. You wouldn't believe how cold it was! But we always went in every morning, naked if we were alone, or just as we were if the girls were there. But, bless you, they wouldn't have minded any way.

"After a time we got quite chummy: used to run races with them. I thought I could run in those days: I was reckoned pretty fast. But, bless you, those girls 'ld gather up their little chemie things round their waists with one hand and run like a good-fellow. Me and Fred wasn't nowhere.

"And afterwards we'd sling their water jugs on the pole along with our beaker, and two or three girls would hang on each end, and we'd carry 'em along to just outside the village, kiss 'em good-bye all round, and then make all sail for the ship.

"Ah!" added the Captain, "they were good times."

"Spontaneity, the most attractive of all the charms of human speech, is usually the first to resent the imprisonment of print."—*Mr. Birrell, in his Memoir of Sir Frank Lockwood.*

Academy Portraits.

XXXIX.—Mr. Joseph Conrad.

THE sun rises and sets through all the wonderful ages on a prosaic and a commonplace spectacle: the every-day world. To men busied in their little crowd's concerns, struggling to best others, the daily life is seen in the morning light as a succession of hard facts to be squared, suffered, or ameliorated, a life of well-known surfaces and confused depths, with odd varieties of sensation stringing it, and the necessity for action always hurrying the crowd past self-realisation and deep perception. And in the midst of this light-of-day, solid world of matter-of-fact appearances and startling confusions occasionally comes a glimpse of a



[Russell & Sons, Photographers.]

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

mysterious world behind the apparent, a shattering of the human surfaces that death or love perchance brings us; but the revelation passes, and the tide of events, people, circumstances, rolls on again mechanically, and as shockingly natural as faces crowd upon us in the streets of our inevitable and ridiculous civilisation.

And so with life everywhere. A generation passes away, to the last man; and to the immense new concourse of people that throngs the old streets, the old fields, the daily trivial round appears to have always been cast for them, to be always going to be theirs. But each generation, because it lives on surfaces and is so dull in its imagination, so harassed by work, so desperate or so contented in its environment, has always a baffled feeling that if it could but get a connected view of itself life would be illumined. And always the generation looks round for

the men who are articulate, and passing by the orators, preachers, politicians, recognises that in so far as the past generations have been illumined it is through the work of the artists.

Whenever the artists are absent — in enormous tracts of life, that is — human nature appears to the imagination absolutely uncanny and ghost-like. But wherever the artist has been there the life of man appears suddenly natural and comprehensible. When we think of Romanised Britain our imagination becomes as a blank wall with a few historical facts staring at us from it. But in Rome under the Cæsars human life is as fresh and actual to us as in London to-day; we see and hear the people going down the street, the world of Horace, Juvenal, Catullus. The appearance of the artist makes an astonishing difference. Was it not yesterday that one of them appeared, and Anglo-Indian life started up coherent out of the huge mass of historical facts, statistics, and home letters that had stood for India in the British imagination? Individual life in general is an *ego* asserting itself in a chaos of experiences, and the man of the world who (touching spectacle!) fails to grasp the nature of his wife and misunderstands his own children, is seen holding fast by his Thackeray and his Dickens, creators who have resolved his world and made it less uncanny to him. To mention these two names is forthwith to see two lamps shining in the strange darkness of the unexplored oceans of humanity. The darkness of human nature is really everywhere, the commonplace darkness, and the lights are very few; and so the least unintelligent of us cluster round the artists' lamps.

In the unilluminated tracts of swarming life the artist suddenly appears, unexpected, and never to be foreseen. They come, the artists, and they are always welcome (the impostors are always welcomed by humanity, but they can never stay); they come to us, and each brings along with him new worlds, spiritual, powerful, or complex, brutal or subtle, the worlds that have come to them through contact with the old prosaic spectacle of the everyday world. They come, and at the first word from them we know that that strange new world lives and dies with that individual artist. And always we realise how unilluminated that particular tract of life, stretching before us, was before we heard coming from it the artist's voice.

So with the work of all true artists, and so with the work of Joseph Conrad. The unexpected has happened, and the artist has appeared where he was least looked for. From the far away, material, jumbled world of seamen, from the strange places of the earth where the emphatic, hardfisted, cautious men of action "civilise" and subjugate alien races, from the fore-castle and the Eastern ports and the high seas, suddenly springs this artist's living world of men and shadows, of passions, shapes, and colours, swiftly arranging itself in meaning outline. The artist has spoken: a new world finds a voice; and we understand. The blank solid wall of the familiar, the strange world of

new and old that fronts the puzzled sensations of those people far away, has melted away before this artist, and he has seen in everything *the significant fact*, he has seen and shown us the *way* that that man spoke or this wave curled before breaking. It is always what the artist *sees* that defines his quality; and whether he can connect this tangible world with the vast unseen ocean of life around him, that determines whether he is a poet. Mr. Conrad has seen the life that has been given to few poets to behold, and to no other artist to recreate. Of necessity, the civilisations that rear and nurture the artist keep him bound close to them, and rarely send him into the great world waiting outside; but Mr. Conrad's fortune it has been early to leave his country and his civilisation, and to sail in English ships to the ends of the earth. There are illimitable worlds, all the inarticulate oceans of life, waiting for the poet, but the poet rarely comes. Mr. Conrad has lived intimately, familiarly the sailor's life he describes, and he brings us from its monotony, its routine, its hardships, and its vast strangeness, a world of beauty intensely real, intensely delicate. He has seen.

What is the quality of his art? The quality of Mr. Conrad's art is seen in his faculty of making us perceive men's lives in their natural relation to the seen universe around them; his men are a part of the great world of Nature, and the sea, land and sky around them are not drawn as a mere background, or as something inferior and secondary to the human will, as we have in most artists' work. This faculty of seeing man's life in relation to the seen and unseen forces of Nature it is that gives Mr. Conrad's art its extreme delicacy and its great breadth of vision. It is pre-eminently the poet's gift, and is very rarely conjoined with insight into human nature and a power of conceiving character. When the two gifts come together we have the poetic realism of the great Russian novels. Mr. Conrad's art is truly realism of that high order. *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* is a masterpiece—not merely because the whole illusion of the sailor's life is reproduced before our eyes, with the crew's individual and collective attitude towards one another and their officers, with the daily round of hardship, peril, love for their ship; but because the ship is seen as a separate thing of life, with a past and a destiny, floating in the midst of the immense mysterious universe around it; and the whole shifting atmosphere of the sea, the horizon, the heavens, is felt by the senses as mysteriously near us, yet mysteriously aloof from the human life battling against it. To reproduce life naturally, in its close fidelity to breathing nature, yet to interpret its significance, and to make us see the great universe around—art cannot go beyond this, except to introduce the illusion of inevitability.

We find life's daily necessity in Mr. Conrad's art, we find actuality, charm, magic; and to demand inevitability from it is perhaps like asking for inevitability from Chopin's music. For Mr. Conrad's art, in its essence, reminds us much of his compatriot's—it is a very delicate, not a powerful instrument. There is a story, "The Lagoon" in the *Tales*

of *Unrest*, which flows out of itself in subtle cadence, in rise and flow and fall of emotion, just as you may hear Ernst's delicate music rise and sweep and flow from the violin. For occasionally the author's intense fidelity to the life he has observed seems to melt and fade away in a lyrical impulse, the hard things of actual life die and are lost in a song of beauty, just as the night comes to overwhelm the hard edges of the day.

So much goes to make up the world of the *Outcast of the Islands*, the *Tales of Unrest*, and *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*, that we have no time for dwelling on the author's gifts of irony, as shown in *An Outpost of Progress*; characterisation, as in "Babalatchi" and "Madame Levaillé"; humour, as in the crew of the "Narcissus"; feminine insight, as in "Aissa" and "The Return"; and his particular gift of flashing a scene or episode upon us in a dozen lines. His power of making us *see* a constant succession of changing pictures is what dominates the reader and leaves him no possible way of escaping from the author's subtle and vivid world. He throws a mirage magically before you; he enmeshes your senses, you are in his universe, you accept it all.

Some talents in their character seem to come to us from the North, others are of the South; but Mr. Conrad's art seems to be on the line that divides East and West, to spring naturally from the country that mingles some Eastern blood in the Slav's veins—the Ukraine. His technique is modern in the sense that Flaubert and Turgenev are modern, but he develops at times a luxuriance, and to English people an extravagance, of phrase which leads us towards the East. He has seen! The artist *pur sang* always reveals himself by his incorrigible love of beauty, and this is the secret of humanity's love for the artist it secretly distrusts; he always shatters the hard prosaic surface of life, he always throws the light of beauty into the commonplace spectacle of the matter-of-fact world.

They are incorrigible, these artists; they juggle with reality till they make life yield up all its beauty to them; they are impostors, humanity angrily feels, for why should they have deep in them these organic worlds of beauty while the daily life stares stonily, prosaically, at you and me? Yes, they are impostors, these artists, even as old Nature, the only thing they love in their hearts, is the greatest artist and impostor of them all. For she, as they, deals in perpetual illusions, perpetual appearances, dreams and shifting phantasies, the hope and vision of beauty; she, as they, creates dissolving worlds, fading mirages out of the stuff men call reality, out of the earth which mothers everything—the good and the bad. Mr. Conrad is an artist of artists, his love is for Nature, his sure instinct is for beauty. He has brought the seen universe before us, he has interpreted it through the vast unseen ocean of life flowing around us. And that is the gift of only those who are born to sing to mankind—it is the gift of only the true poets.

The Juggler of Notre Dame.

By Anatole France.

I.

IN the days of King Louis there lived in France a poor juggler, a native of Compiègne, called Barnaby, who went from town to town accomplishing feats of strength and skill.

At fair time he spread an old, worn-out carpet in some public place, and having attracted all the children and saunterers by performing the agreeable feats he had learnt from an aged juggler, which he never altered, he fell into attitudes that were not natural, and balanced a tin plate on his nose.

At first the crowd stared at him with indifference. But whenever, standing on his hands, with his head below, he flung into the air and caught again with his feet six copper balls that gleamed in the sunshine, or whenever, throwing himself back till the nape of his neck touched his heels, his body took the shape of a perfect wheel, and he juggled in this posture with twelve knives, a murmur of admiration rose from the audience, and pieces of money rained upon the carpet.

Nevertheless, like most who exist by their talents Barnaby of Compiègne had much ado to live. Earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he bore more than his share of the fault of our father Adam.

He was not able to work as often as he desired. To exhibit his finer knowledge, like the trees to produce flower and fruit, he needed the heat of the sun and the light of day. In winter, he was no more than a tree despoiled of its foliage and half dead. The frozen ground was hard for the juggler. And like the grasshopper that Marie of France speaks of, he suffered from cold and hunger in harsh weather. But as his heart was simple he took misfortune in patient part.

He had never reflected upon the origin of wealth, or the inequality of human conditions. He counted upon this: that if this world be evil, the other could not fail to be good; and this hope sustained him. He did not imitate the thieving and miscreant Merry Andrews who had sold their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed the name of God; he lived honestly, and though he had no wife of his own, he did not covet his neighbour's, because woman is the strong man's enemy, shown in the story of Samson, which is related in Holy Writ.

In truth, his mind was not cast upon carnal desires, and he found it harder to renounce the can than the ladies. For without sinning against sobriety, he liked to drink when the weather was hot. He was an upright man, fearing God and most devoted to the Holy Virgin.

He never failed, when entering a church, to kneel down before the image of the Mother of God, and to address her this prayer: "Madam, take my life in your care till it pleases God that I should die, and when I am dead, obtain for me the joys of Paradise."

II.

Now it befel on a certain evening, after a day of rain, whilst he went along, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives hidden in the old carpet, and looking out for a barn in which to lie down supperless, he saw upon the road a monk, who was following the same path, and saluted him politely. As they walked together, they fell to exchanging remarks.

"Comrade," said the monk, "how comes it that you are apparelled all in green? Might it be to represent the character of a jester in some Mystery?"

"Not so, good father," replied Barnaby. "Such as you behold me, I am. They call me Barnaby, and I am a juggler by trade. It would be the finest trade in the world if one might eat by it every day."

"Friend Barnaby," resumed the monk, "have a heed of what you say. There is no finer state than the monastic state. In it you celebrate the praises of God, of the Virgin, and the saints, and the life of a monk is a perpetual canticle to the Lord."

Barnaby replied:

"My father, I confess that I spoke like an ignorant fellow. Your state should not be compared with mine, and though there is merit in dancing and holding on the tip of the nose a farthing balanced on a stick, such a merit does not approach yours. I would like, my father, as you do, to chant the office every day, and especially the office of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have vowed a particular devotion. I would willingly renounce the art by which I am known from Soissons to Beauvais, in more than six hundred towns and villages, to embrace the monastic life."

The monk was touched by the juggler's simplicity, and as he was not wanting in discernment, he recognised in Barnaby one of those men of goodwill of whom our Lord has said: "Let peace be with them on earth." That was why he thus replied:

"Friend Barnaby, come with me, and I will obtain your admittance into the convent whose prior I am. He who led Mary of Egypt into the desert placed me on your road to lead you to the path of salvation."

It was thus that Barnaby became a monk. In the convent where he was received the monks celebrated emulously the worship of the Holy Virgin, and each one used in her service all the knowledge and skilfulness that God had endowed him with.

The prior, for his part, composed books that treated, according to scholastical rules, of the virtues of the Mother of God.

Brother Maurice copied out with deft hand these treatises on leaves of vellum.

Brother Alexander painted them round with dainty miniatures. There you saw the Queen of Heaven, seated on the throne of Solomon, at the foot of which watched four lions; round her haloed head flew seven doves, which are the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost: the gifts of fear, piety, science, strength, counsel, intelligence, and wisdom.

Her companions were six virgins with golden hair: Humility, Prudence, Restraint, Respect, Chastity, and Obedience.

At her feet were two little white naked figures in an attitude of supplication. These were the souls that implored—and of a surety not in vain—her all-powerful intercession for their salvation.

On another page Brother Alexander represented Eve under the glance of Mary, so that at the same time man should observe the fault and its redemption, the humiliated woman and the exalted virgin. There was still to admire in this book the well of living water, the fountain, the lily, the moon, the sun, and the sealed garden, which are spoken of in the Canticle—the Gate of Heaven and the City of God, and all these were images of the Virgin.

Brother Marbode was likewise one of the most loving children of Mary. Unceasingly he carved stone images, so that his beard, eyebrows, and hair were white with powder, and his eyes were perpetually swollen and tearful; but he was full of force and joy, at an advanced age, and, visibly, the Queen of Paradise protected the old days of her child. Marbode represented her seated in a chair, brow-bound with a halo shaped like a pearled orb. And he was careful that the folds of her garment should cover the feet of her of whom the prophet has said: "My beloved is like a sealed garden."

At times, also, he represented her under the features of a child full of grace, and she seemed to say: "Lord, thou art my Lord!"—*Dixi de ventra matris mee: Deus meus es tu* (Psalm xxi. 11).

There were also in the convent poets who composed hymns in Latin in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and mention must also be made of a native of Picardy who transposed the miracles of Notre Dame into the vulgar tongue and into rhymed verse.

III.

SEEING such a competition of praises and such a splendid harvest of work, Barnaby lamented his ignorance and his simplicity.

"Alas!" he sighed, walking alone in the little shadowless convent garden, "I am indeed unfortunate not to be able, like my brothers, to praise worthily the Holy Mother of God, to whom I have vowed all the tenderness of my heart. Alas! alas! I am a rough and artless creature, and I have at your service, Madam the Virgin, neither edifying sermons, nor treatises properly divided, according to the rules, nor dainty paintings, nor statues beautifully wrought, nor verses measured by feet, and walking in metre. I have nothing, alas!"

And thus he moaned and abandoned himself to sorrow. One evening, when the monks were conversing at recreation time, he heard one of them tell the tale of a monk who could only recite the *Ave Maria*. This monk was despised for his ignorance; but when dead there sprang from his mouth five roses in honour of the five letters of the name of Mary, and in this way his sanctity was made manifest.

In listening to this story, Barnaby admired again the goodness of Mary; but he was not consoled by the example of this happy death, for his heart was full of zeal, and he yearned to serve his lady in heaven.

He sought the means, but could not find them, and each day he sorrowed more and more.

One morning he awoke quite joyous, and rushed off to the chapel, where he remained alone more than an hour. He returned in the afternoon.

From that moment he went every day to the chapel at the hour it was deserted, and there he passed the greater part of the time devoted by the other monks to the liberal and mechanical arts. He was no longer sad, and he no longer groaned.

Such singular conduct aroused curiosity in the monks. They wondered in the community why Brother Barnaby made such frequent retreats.

The prior, whose duty it was to be aware of everything concerning the conduct of his monks, decided to observe Barnaby in his solitude. So one day, when the latter was shut up, as usual, in the chapel, the prior came, accompanied by two veterans of the monastery, to observe, through the chinks of the door, what was going on inside.

They saw Barnaby in front of the altar of the Holy Virgin, his head below, his feet in the air, juggling with six copper balls and twelve knives. In honour of the Holy Mother of God, he was performing the tricks that had won him the greatest praise. Not understanding that this simple creature was thus placing his talent and his knowledge at the service of the Holy Virgin, the veterans cried out sacrilege.

The prior knew Barnaby for an innocent soul, but he believed he had gone mad. They were all three preparing to seize him and drag him from the chapel, when they saw the Holy Virgin step down from the altar and wipe away with the corner of her blue mantle the sweat that rolled from the juggler's brow.

Then the prior, prostrating himself, with his face upon the flags, said these words:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

"Amen," responded the veterans, kissing the ground.

SHELLEY (*after Moore*).

THE stars may dissolve, and the fountain of light
May sink into ne'er ending chaos and night,
Our mansions must fall, and earth vanish away,
But thy courage, O Erin! may never decay.

Ah! dead is the harp which was wont to give pleasure,
Ah! sunk is our sweet country's rapturous measure;
But the war note is waked, and the clangor of spears,
The dread yell of Sloghan yet sounds in our ears.

From "Original Poetry of Victor and Cazire."

The earnest wayfarer along the paths of life does but become the more deeply convinced, as his travels extend, of the beauty, the wisdom, and truth of the simplest and humblest laws of existence. — *Maurice Maeterlinck in "Wisdom and Destiny."*

Curiosities of Indexing.

I HAVE before me a newly published work, an interesting and a useful work, by three ladies, *Work and Play in Girls' Schools* [reviewed in THE ACADEMY, August 27], the value of which as a book of reference is almost nil until you have mastered the contents for yourself. The index is practically useless. Instead of references to concrete facts, such as the names of authors recommended for study, abundant attention is given to abstract ideas. Green, Scott, Henty, and other writers are absent from the index, while such items as these occupy their room:

- Intellectual ambition, fostering, 40.
- Intellectual sympathy with pupil, necessity for, 38.
- Intellectual work, number of hours to be devoted to, 412.
- Interest, awakening, in pupils, 37.

One is reminded of the humorous indexes found sometimes in the old political pamphlets. See, for example, *The Beauties of Fox, North, and Burke* (London, 1784):

- Impotence, Lord North accused of it.
- Impeachment, Mr. Burke talks of it to Lord North.
- Insolent, Mr. Burke pronounces Lord North.
- Insolence and Temerity, Mr. Fox charges Lord North with both.
- Indecency and Impropropriety, Mr. Burke accuses Lord North of both.
- Indignity and Vileness, Lord North charged with both.
- Inquiry into it, threatened by Mr. Fox.
- Insulting and Impertinent, Lord North accused of being so.

These things illustrate several faults of the ordinary indexer, but especially that one of indexing adjectives. One of my own works was so disfigured in this way that I marked, in pencil, against the index in every copy I could come across, *not by E. S.* Here are some specimens:

- Extended representation*, 71.
- General fast and humiliation*, 105.
- Royal proclamation*, 31.
- Unauthorised meetings*, 175.

The index to the recently published biography of Francis Place is utterly unworthy of such a valuable addition to modern historical literature—*e.g.*:

- Personal appearance of Place, 16
- Father, Place's, 3.
- Regent unpopular, 121.
- Regent's proclamation . . . 140, 142.
- Regent Park meeting . . . 306.
- Register, Cobbett's . . . See *Political Register*.
- Register, Extraordinary (Hone's), 123.

This is unmitigated slipshoddery. Again, in the *Autobiography and Letters of J. A. Roebuck*, there are some decided curiosities. I look in the index for items of Canadian history. Under the name Simcoe I find one reference: "Simcoe, Governor-General of Canada, 4." There is no allusion to that officer on p. 4; so I am

driven to the necessity of a search. On p. 11 is this sentence: "My mother's brother had been secretary to General Simcoe when he was Governor-General of Canada." This, however, is not quite so bad as

- Expenditure, extravagant, 123.
- War establishments, 123.
- Corn laws, 123.

The items thus catalogued occur in this sentence: "Finality . . . means continuance of all abuses; and among the other things it means perpetual corn laws, it means extravagant expenditure, war establishments during peace." Then, on referring to "Woollen trade, p. 128," one finds an allusion to some new process in the manufacture by a sort of felting, which is itself not indexed.

I could take many curious illustrations of this topic from the books on my own modest shelves, although most of these have been acquired with due regard to the quality of their indexes. One exception lies in the latest "revised" edition of Stanley's *History of Birds*, the index to which is deplorably bad—*e.g.*:

- Pheasant attacks a lady, 277; directions for rearing them, 280. [It would have been interesting to learn the result of all this, but p. 280 says nothing about the lady.]
- Age of Goldfinches, 216 [although there is a heading *Goldfinches*, with five references, one of which is wrong].
- Birdcatchers* employ owls, 154.
- Feats of Birdcatchers*, 412.
- Desperate leap of a Birdcatcher*, 415.
- Fatal event to a family of sea-fowlers*, 416.
- Bird-catching in Shetland and St. Kilda*, 409.
- St. Kilda* 410 [no cross-reference to Shetland].

True it is, that one may sometimes learn how to do a thing by seeing how it is not done. A little reflection over these oddities shows how completely the indexer has spoilt his work by bolting along without regard to first principles. He has not looked at the proportions of his task as he went forward. He has not been heedful of passing effects upon the minds of ordinary people. He has forgotten that an index which does not appeal to the least intelligent reader is no index at all.

The want of a subject-index at the British Museum Library is constantly before the literary world. The thing would not be so imperative but for the working of one of the rules, to the effect that anonymous works are to be indexed by the first noun substantive that occurs in the title. An excellent rule from some points of view; but productive of comical results, as

- State*—The true state of the business of glasse of all kindes. . . .
- Kind*—Dein Kind lebet. Ein Büchlein. . . .
- A Kind of a Dialogue in Hudibrastics.
- Kinds*—How to make several kinds of miniature pumps and a fire-engine.

One might say much about rules, and taste, and plan, and scope, and perspective. But that is not our present business. My case is the want of common intelligence, and the lack of humour, exhibited in the above contemporary specimens of book-indexing; samples of work done by persons who imagine that indexing is an affair demanding no literary or artistic effect.

It must be granted that there is no lack of excellent indexes. One of the best known is that in the concluding volume of the popular edition of Carlyle's works. It contains, perhaps, twenty-three thousand items, all of them to the point, and, in many cases, actually helping to elucidate the text. Another very learned and ingenious index is that compiled for *Francis Bacon*, by Dr. Edwin Abbott. It is full and accurate, though not over-loaded; and it includes a concordance of the words to which any use or illustration by Bacon has been given or quoted in the book. Some of the modern manuals and students' books are well furnished with indexes, as Minto's *English Prose Literature*, and Geikie's *Class Book of Geology*. This last is raised to the dignity of a cyclopædia, besides being a very readable volume. After the table of contents of the chapters, and a list of the illustrations, the index contains some three thousand items, fully defined, without waste of words, and bearing an asterisk (*) whenever a figure of the subject will be found on the page indicated. Oliver's *Elementary Botany* has a careful index and glossary combined in the same alphabet, thus:

Scape, 81.

Scarious, dry and rather stiffly membranous.

Subulate, 74.

Succulent, fleshy.

This is a very excellent and, indeed, indispensable plan for text-books. E. S.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

Le Passant contributes to yesterday's *Figaro* one of his sprightly and humorous articles on the newly discovered Russian village. He recounts a little anecdote of the late President Carnot, who once met a perfectly happy man, whose fortune consisted in the possession of nothing. Said this fortunate being to the President:

Sir, this department is the poorest of France; this district is the poorest of the department; this canton is the poorest of the district; this parish is the poorest of the canton, and I am the poorest of the parish.

The President was so struck with this original address, that he offered the poor devil an annual assistance, to obtain which the philosopher had to leave his village and make an excursion to the town. The instant this Biblical character held in his hand his first golden louis he phlegmatically proceeded to drink himself dead drunk. It was an ill-

day for himself and for the tranquil village when President Carnot undertook to assist him. So argues the *Passant* it will prove an ill-day for that hidden village when it falls upon the so-called benefits of civilisation.

They can no longer be born, married, divorced at their own sweet will. For each of these extremely simple acts they must render an account to some functionary or other, they must go and inscribe all these things in an office, in a register, through a wire lattice; and at the next lattice-work they must go and be engaged for military service, and at a lattice-work further on they must pay their taxes: and all their life will it be thus, from lattice to lattice, like animals in a cage.

Let me recommend a very wise, sober, and noble little article in a recent *Revue Bleue*, by M. Henri Bérenger, "Un Nationaliste et un Patriote." It is a fair and truthful analysis of the attitude of both camps on the "Affaire" which has nearly wrecked France's honour. For even at Sedan did France reach so black an hour as now. The two Frenchmen M. Bérenger studies are the editor of *Le Petit Journal*—M. Judet—and M. Buisson, one of the professors of the Sorbonne. The one restrained, enlightened, and wishful, in the spirit of passionate patriotism, that France may be spared the dishonour of refusing to repair a monstrous error, should there be error, the shame of iniquity and scandal in the very centre of military government: the other vulgar, virulent, mediocre, breathing religious and race hatreds in every envenomed and insane paragraph he writes; shouting to the mob in every possible tone, in a string of disgraceful epithets, that if Dreyfus be innocent, so much the worse for him, but once judged, for France he is ever a traitor. Yet such is the poisoned air we breathe in latter-day Paris that a wise and noble voice like M. Buisson's, entreating without violence or wrath, that justice shall be observed, excites to the very madness of animosity and fury, and the hateful howlings of the *Petit Journal*, *La Patrie*, and the *Libre Parole* carry the general votes of approbation.

But, unhappily, all the partisans of the Revision are not as wise and dignified and logical as men like MM. Buisson and Bérenger. One regrets to see such a distinguished figure as M. Francis de Pressensé constitute himself into a mob-orator, and defy the authorities. Yet the picture outside the Hall of the Avenue Wagram was exceedingly comic and essentially French. While poor Dreyfus is suffering far off on his broiling rock he little knows that France, for him, is on the verge of civil war, and that his friends and enemies alike are offering themselves as a spectacle to add to the gaiety of the world. What could be funnier than the scenes on that Sunday? A recalcitrant proprietor who won't open his door; M. de Pressensé borne upon the shoulders of his followers, protesting violently: "We are a Republic," and producing the receipt for the hall hire; the impassable city guardians, with their steadfast reply, "Nobody can enter the hall." And then, in the midst of shouts

and blows and general tumult, down from the Arch of Triumph soars the enemy, M. Paul Deroulède, to rout and confuse the friends of the traitor. He, too, is borne upon the shoulders of his followers; but when he reaches the seat of war, behold the enemy at the police-station. Do you imagine M. Paul Deroulède expresses satisfaction at the arrest of his opponents? That's the way of your common Anglo-Saxon. But he is French, he remembers the Middle Ages. Instantly he hies him off to the police-station to entreat for the release of the enemy, offering himself as guarantee of their pacific behaviour. He came in glory to fight them; possibly, in the heat of argument, to fling a chair or two at their ignoble heads. Lo, he remains to plead for them in sorrow. But the enemy haughtily reject his intercession. They empty their pockets, and M. de Pressensé sends for beer. In an hour the champions of both causes return tranquilly to their homes, without having exchanged a word or a blow. Only in these delightful democratic times may such humorous scenes occur. Meanwhile the *État-Major* are the happiest of the three. They have Picquart safe in their dungeon-cell.

After Signora Duse, and her triumphs in Paris, it was but natural that Maria Guerrero, the most popular actress of Spain, should tempt her fortune here too. Señor Echegaray maintains that Senora Guerrero has not her equal on the French or English stage; but, then, in the matter of art it is not safe to take a Spaniard's judgment upon anything or anyone Spanish. They have a hopeless attachment for the mediocre. We have yet to see what Paris thinks of this Spanish troupe of actors. Guerrero lately married her leading actor, Diaz de Mendoza, the son of a duke, who resigned his title and social position to become an actor, and is, oddly enough, a very good actor too. They have chosen a very bad play of Echegaray to begin with: "*Mancha que Limpia*"—a mixture of twaddle, gossip, and cheap melodrama of the flattest kind. I wonder what the French critics will make of it, for it's barely fit for the schoolroom. It will be curious, indeed, to read M. Sarcey's account of it; but, then, I suspect M. Sarcey does not understand a word of Spanish. The Spanish company has wisely chosen its hour to visit Paris. The Commission of Peace is sitting, and the six Spanish *hidalgos* are here to support and applaud their compatriots.

H. L.

The Latest Version.

A book, a flask of wine, a crust of bread,
To every care and worldly sorrow dead,
I covet not when thou, O Love, art near,
The jewelled turban on the sultan's head.

From "*The Stanzas of Omar Khayyam*," translated by
John Leslie Garner.

Memoirs of the Moment.

GENERAL JOHN McNEIL WALTER died at Folkestone the other day at the age of eighty. Of his campaigning in India before he was placed on the retired list in 1881 the daily papers make the record. They do not speak, however, of a singular form of persecution to which he had been exposed during all his later years. Nearly everybody who has lost a prized possession, and has advertised his loss, is familiar with General McNeil Walter's name. For a letter, purporting to be of his writing, would come to the advertiser and would contain an offer to restore the jewel or the watch-chain, or whatever was missing, on the offer of a higher reward. The loser would at once telegraph or write, or run down, or despatch a detective, to the old General to arrange for the much-desired restoration; but always with the same result. The General had not heard of the missing property, and the letter written in his name was a hoax.

THE theory of the harried warrior was that a brother officer of old days, with whom he had had a disagreement almost to the death, devised all this persecution, regardless of the far greater injury he inflicted on the loser of the property. Scotland Yard has a stack of documents relating to these cases, but the real writer was never traced. The thing was a mystery even to the General himself, and now that he is dead it is not likely to be solved.

THE Parnell biography by a competent hand is on the brink of publication. If frankly written it will make in its sober truth a far more romantic story than any which can be patched together—half fact, half fiction—by Miss Annie Swan, for instance, who is reported to have him for the hero or something of her next novel. There is one authentic anecdote, however, which has probably never reached the biographer's ear, and which is now put into print for the first time. It relates to the days before Parnell went into Parliament, and when, as a very smart young man, caring much more for dress than he afterwards did, he paid a longish visit to America and made himself very popular in society. In one city he encountered a girl whom he thought delightful. Others already had the same opinion; for she had beauty, brains, and money—a not universal combination. In the running for her Parnell came in easily first; and the engagement was formally announced.

ONE night, however, at a dance, Parnell came up to the lady as she was sitting out with one of his former rivals. "Oh, you are here," he said; "but you promised the last two dances to me." "Oh, no," said she; and "Oh, yes," said he; and with that he appealed to the third person present in confirmation. That authority, wavering, was angrily told by Parnell to "speak the truth." A scene followed, also a challenge. But the duel was never fought.

The friends of all parties intervened; the engagement was broken off; Parnell returned to Ireland and took to politics; and the lady, who is still alive, the happy wife of the bystander at the quarrel, must sometimes think of this might-have-been in the amazing career of Ireland's uncrowned king, who lost his cause and his life at last for his luckless love of a woman.

Too ingenious was the journalist who suggested that America, proud of its Pennsylvania, had sent a body-snatcher to the quiet grave of William Penn in the little Buckinghamshire burial-ground at Jordans. As with the journalists, so with the police. The poor man who raked the surface of the grave in the moonlight, and ran away at the baying of a dog, was regarded as a sinister criminal, although he gave his address as "The Retreat, York." That placid name is naturally not everywhere recognised for the thing it is—a lunatic asylum. Yet it has its claim to fame as the first madhouse in this country conducted on humane principles. The urbanity of its title extended to its treatment. Chains were abolished in favour of the padded room; and the whims of the inmates were treated as illnesses rather than as crimes. To the Tukes of York belong the credit of having first stumped the county against the old system of madhouses, and then, failing a reform, of themselves establishing a model institution, to prove to an incredulous generation that even the madman is rarely outside the reach of merely moral compulsion.

LIKE all other experts, the experts in Roman Catholic manners and moods are at loggerheads. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* is the bone of contention. One Father Clarke, a Jesuit, denounces Mrs. Humphry Ward's whole picture as an unrecognisable daub, and says that the portrait of the hero is a caricature. Father Bernard Vaughan, another Jesuit, and the brother of a Cardinal to boot, thinks, on the contrary, that Helbeck is "every inch a gentleman," and a splendid Christian. Dr. St. George Mivart says ditto, and implores the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* not to take Father Clarke seriously. Finally, while Father Clarke, who ought to know, says that, bad at everything, Mrs. Ward is worst of all about the sons of St. Ignatius. Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the biographer of Wiseman, declares, on the contrary, that, good at everything, Mrs. Ward most of all excels in her presentment of Jesuits.

LORD AND LADY RUSSELL will get into their new home in Cromwell Houses in a few days. It is one of the creations of the late Sir Charles Freaque, who made his fortune out of bricks—or stucco. Naturally, therefore, it is too new to have very many traditions or memories attached to it. These will be for Lord and Lady Russell to create. But the drawing-room has this to say for itself—that when the late Lord Denbigh occupied the house, Mr. Browning was occasionally to be found there for afternoon tea.

THE Duke of Connaught is beginning to feel the pressure of parental anxieties. For his son, Prince Arthur, is going up for his examination at Sandhurst. Probably there is not the slightest fear that he will be plucked; still the fond father always has his sensitiveness about the way the attainments of his sons will strike other people. A little relaxation of the very strictest rules, even in a democratic age, may be requisite for Prince Arthur's admission to the Army, owing to the accident he met with in his infancy. He rides, however, perfectly, and, on that account, will join the cavalry, and not the infantry.

LORD MINTO will have a great reception when he gets to Canada, where his appropriate fame as a skater has preceded him. Exemplary as Lord Aberdeen is, and, of course, adored by the majority of the population who went to the polls the other day for Prohibition, there is just a little sigh of relief among the minority. When a man is so very good, the contrast between him and you is not always exhilarating. In point of fact, official Canada has found it a little depressing. Lord Minto in Ottawa, like Lord Curzon in Simla, will probably entertain a good deal more than any of his predecessors, and will have continuous house parties from England. Indeed, in Lord Curzon's case the guests will be from two hemispheres. Lady Curzon has already got a promise from her sister, Miss Leiter, to go out with her—the original of the delightful "Portrait of a Lady" contributed by Mr. Sargent to the last exhibition at the Academy. Mr. Sargent, by the way, has been devoting himself lately not to portraits, but to decorative compositions.

PEOPLE like to gossip about the earnings of authors; and there was quite an excited discussion at a certain gathering the other day as to the sum paid to Mr. Kipling for his latest poem on the Russian Bear. Somebody said he got nothing. The statement was received with indignant incredulity. But the gossip stuck to his allegation. When Mr. Kipling, he said, sent to the *Times* the "Recessional" verses, which made so great a hit with people who fell short in their appreciation of the real Kipling, the *Times* wrote and asked what sort of a cheque they should send him. "I take nothing for my patriotism," replied Mr. Kipling in effect—the narrator had read the letter—"but on the next occasion I will bleed you." Was the publication of this last poem which the *Times* handed over to *Literature* such an occasion? Or was that poem also patriotism?

ADA NEGRI, the young North Italian poetess of the people, has just presented her husband with a son and heir, who is to be called Garlanda. "Mother," Ada Negri once sang, and sang, despite the sentiment, with all her art, "would I could forget I am a poet and be again a baby." Half her wish may be fulfilled; for the poet will be for the present forgotten in the mother.

Mr. Anthony Hope as a Dramatist.

"THE Adventure of Lady Ursula," given at the Duke of York's Theatre, is Mr. Anthony Hope's first unassisted effort at playwriting, and, naturally enough, it bears traces at almost every turn of the hand of the novelist who is prone to drop into narrative, and who fails to realise that an effective stage story must be *lived* under the eye of the house. Much of the dialogue of the piece is taken up with the recital of events which one fails to follow; occasionally one of the characters is betrayed into telling us over again at some length what we already know. This is bad craftsmanship. Indeed, there is little evidence in this piece that the author of *The Dolly Dialogues* possesses the instinct of the boards. He remains a narrator first and foremost. So much of Lady Ursula's adventure as is actively enacted before us is interesting and dramatic enough, suggesting a modernisation of the relations of Rosalind and Orlando. A boorish baronet has foresworn female society, but this only piques the mischievous zeal of the harum-scarum heroine, who is resolved to see the inside of his ancestral hall, and who adopts to that end a mannish disguise. Almost from the first Sir George suspects the identity of his strangely bashful visitor, but a few pretty skirmishes take place between them before the fact is established to his satisfaction and, as it proves, he is just as inflammable as she is ready to surrender her heart. So long as he is on Dolly Dialogue ground, the author is charming; but he has not yet acquired the art of imbedding a rather slender love episode in a moving story. The blustering scenes with the young bloods, the duelling incidents, and the curiously prolonged introduction to the heroine's intended adventure, are transparent padding. The only vital characters in the piece are the Sir George of Mr. Herbert Waring and the Lady Ursula of Miss Evelyn Millard, and here Mr. Anthony Hope suffers some of the ill-luck that dogs the dramatist's footsteps. Mr. Waring knows how to breathe the freer air of romance, but Miss Millard is handicapped in what might be the delightful part of Lady Ursula by a somewhat heavy manner, and a rather harsh voice. It is not intelligence that fails the actress, but charm. The effect, nevertheless, is not helpful to the piece. Nor is much benefit derived from the generally strong cast, which only exposes the emptiness of the incidental characters.

J. F. N.

A LEADING London bookseller declared the other day that the number of new books this autumn season will exceed by 25 per cent. those of any season he can recall. Booksellers are now impatient to receive books and arrange stock. The discount controversy, which generally reaches a crisis about this time of the year, and is as regularly laid to sleep until after Christmas, is no longer discussed.

A Battleship's Library.

WHEN the Guardship squadron lay in the Mersey a few weeks ago a representative of the ACADEMY went on board one of Her Majesty's battleships. He writes:

On the lower deck, close to the lieutenants' quarters, and close to the iron lids of the coal bunkers, I found a little Tottenham-court-road bookcase. "Is this your library?" I asked my guide.

"Yes, sir; that's our library."

"How many books have you?"

"Over a thousand, being a big ship. Every ship draws its books from the victualling yard according to the number of its crew."

"I see. And are the books often renewed?"

"Not often, sir. These have not been renewed since the year Nought. Of course, if this ship was paid off we should return the books to store, and draw new ones on refitting. You notice that each book is stamped with the broad arrow and 'Ship Stores, Royal Navy.'"

"Out of your thousand or twelve hundred books how many are in use now?"

"Very few, as you see, and they're mostly in officers' hands. You see, a port guardship like this hardly wants a library—the men get ashore so often, and many of them have their homes so near."

"Now what kind of books do you fellows like best?"

"Oh, sea-stories. Yes, really. But we like adventure books of any sort, and travel books, and—oh, well—a bit of history ain't far out."

I thanked my gallant friend, and noted down a few of the titles of the books as they stood behind the glass of the bookcase. I found:

Toilers of the Sea.

The Lamplighter.

The Diary of a Physician.

Dibdin's Songs.

Kingsley's Glaucus.

Baron Munchausen.

Friswell's Gentle Life.

Steam and its Uses.

Barchester Towers.

Sketches by Boz.

Jane Eyre.

The Children of the New Forest.

Our Mutual Friend.

Jack Brag.

Northanger Abbey.

Evenings at Home.

Kenilworth.

Shakespeare's Plays.

Essays (12 vols.).

Life of Sir John Franklin.

The Pathfinder.

Ivanhoe.

A queer lot of books they were. Does Jack at sea read *Northanger Abbey*? And what were the contents of a dozen volumes marked *Essays*? Is there a renaissance of the Essay at sea? The bookcase was locked, and the key on shore. Twelve volumes of *Essays* on a battleship's lower deck! I wondered what they were all about. And next morning, when the squadron weighed anchor and rode past the landing-stage in the golden weather, I still wondered.

Publishing Notes.

IN the memoir of James Hain Friswell issued last week by Mr. Redway there is a chapter of peculiar interest to the publishing world. In 1870 Mr. Friswell issued through Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton a volume of essays: *Modern Men of Letters Honestly Criticised*. In that book Mr. George Augustus Sala was somewhat severely handled, and in 1871 a libel action was brought by him against Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The action was of a frivolous character, as anyone can see for himself by reading Chapter LI. of *Sala's Life and Adventures*, but the jury awarded the plaintiff £500 damages. The account of the trial given in Mrs. Myall's memoir is an interesting piece of publishing history.

Truth has been drawing attention to the way in which reviews of books are sometimes garbled in publishers' advertisements. The example given is certainly a bad one, as the drift of the notice had been quite altered by the omission of a few words, but *Truth* was hardly justified in the hard expressions it made use of. The advertisement was evidently drawn up by some clerk, and if the attention of the publisher had been called to the matter it would have been quite sufficient.

An Association of Magazine Proprietors is much needed. There are a number of questions relating to the publishing and distribution of magazines and periodicals which could easily be settled by some such society, whereas at present the newsagent can only refer disputes and make complaints to the Publishers' Association, many of whose members have little knowledge of the magazine trade. We would suggest that at the next meeting of the Publishers' Association Mr. Murray propose the formation of an Association of Magazine Proprietors as an offshoot from the parent society. If he doubt the advisability of such a step, the present writer will be pleased to forward him a list of questions in urgent need of settlement by such an Association.

Though the number of high-priced books to be published this season is altogether phenomenal, it will be noticed that one class of expensive books is hardly represented. A few years ago *éditions de luxe* of popular novels by writers of the day were much in evidence. But the demand for such publications declined very rapidly, and has now, to all intents and purposes, ceased altogether. Expensive illustrated editions of standard works are always sure of a good reception, but only a very few enthusiasts care to pay more than 4s. 6d. for a copy of the modern novel.

Messrs. Macmillan's experiment in issuing the illustrated edition of Green's *History of England*, on the new instalment system is proving a success. But booksellers find that their customers will not sign the form of application provided. They "cannot be bothered," and, contrary to intention, the orders are usually verbal.

P.

Correspondence.

John Ruskin.

SIR,—Your eloquent tribute to the writings of John Ruskin in No. 1 of your new issue ought to appeal to the thoughtful writers and readers of the present generation. In a decade abounding in inartistic and careless composition, the resonant periods, the exquisite word-painting, the subtly chosen epithets, and, above all, the rythmical, melodious flow of his happy sentences, ought to teach the novitiate and the student how to write. The outpour of cheap, commonplace compositions, which bear the same relation to literature as a modern musical burlesque does to a symphony by Gounod, wants a corrective. And, in my opinion, a study of John Ruskin's works would be one of the best antidotes to the poison of the wearisome crudities and glaring commonplaces of the period.

To all those readers who may not have time, or lack the effort to study all the works of John Ruskin, I would recommend a selection from his writings published by Smith & Elder in the year 1861. I daresay the book now is out of print; if so, perhaps the time is ripe for a new and popular edition of it.—I am, &c.,

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

7, Bullingham Mansions, Kensington, W:

Oct. 12, 1898.

"Of," not "For."

SIR,—Permit me, with all deference, and with regard to your notice in the current ACADEMY, to point out that the title of my book is not "An Alphabet for," but "An Alphabet of Animals."

I esteem your notice, but hope that you hold too cheap the possibilities of infantile artistic appreciation.—I am, &c.,

CARTON MOORE PARK.

Studio, 101, Saint Vincent-street, Glasgow:

Oct. 12, 1898.

* * Several letters are held over owing to lack of space.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

THE *Standard* critic thinks "Mr. Kipling is undeniable when he confines himself to gods, beasts, and men"; but when he throws himself into smaller things he runs too much to slang and technicalities. For the rest,

The Day's Work proves that Mr. Kipling is still master of the word and phrase. Take, he says, the fly-fishing bit in *The Brushwood Boy*: "The aged and astute between sunk roots, with the large and fat that lay in the frothy scum below some strong rush of water, sucking lazily as carp, came to trouble in their turn, at the hand that imitated so delicately the flicker and wimple of an egg-dropping fly." "Flicker and wimple" is onomatopoeic, and,

"The Day's
Work."
By Rudyard
Kipling.
(Macmillan.)

in its degree, like Keats's "silver, snarling trumpets"; indeed, this word-choosing of Mr. Kipling's is a gift to genius only, and an infallible token of it to the discerning eye. By taking thought Pater got near it, and Louis Stevenson sometimes approached.

The *Daily Chronicle's* critic, not being an engine-fitter, writes :

If the fault of the book is to be put into a sentence (and it seems a strange fault to find with Mr. Kipling), we should say that these tales are not human enough. There are too many talking beasts, talking locomotives, talking bits of mechanism by land and sea. One story, "The Ship that Found Herself," is a perfect manual of technique in the construction of a steamer. The captain talks to the deck-beams, and the port and starboard upper deck stringers have a word to say, and the screw is eloquent, and so are the thrust-block, and the garboard strake, the cylinder, the steam, and the forward collision-bulkhead. Another story, called "007," shows that Mr. Kipling has mastered all there is to be learned about the locomotive, especially the American locomotive; but unless the reader is an engine-fitter he will not find much pleasure in this bewildering maze of technical terms.

And again :

It is all amazingly clever, and bears in every line the stamp of prodigious application, but why should a romancer who has made his fame by writing about men and women lavish this disproportionate energy upon adaptations of *Æsop*, and the fantastic loquacity of machinery?

The *Sun* distinguishes 'twixt Mr. Kipling and Mr. Kipling :

We know the particular Kipling of this book. We have met him before. He has come out from the colossal pantechicon of detail in which he lost his artistic sense (such as it was) in *Captains Courageous*, but he still can dump down sufficient detail for quite three story-builders. It is material detail: forceful, stunning, jawy detail—in fact, a big deal of this book is simply materialism made articulate.

The *Daily Telegraph* is cautious. It says :

If *A Day's Work* will not add to the author's reputation in this kind of work, which, indeed, might be difficult, it at all events will not detract from it. There is no lack of spirit and power; the same easy mastery of technical details; the same broad sympathy with the English-speaking race, wherever their life tasks may lie. The style is throughout Kipling's own—tense, nervous, often rugged, always direct and workmanlike, the true reflection of Mr. Kipling's own genius.

The *Daily News* criticises the stories individually :

"My Sunday at Home" is a hash of fantastic effects, partially redeemed from extravagance by the excellence of the character drawing. The crude strength of it all is still as exhilarating as ever, but it seems to want other qualities to make it literature. There is little sense of proportion, no *finesse*, and a disposition to repeat well-approved effects, which is a temptation that the artist should carefully shun in his own

interest. The manner otherwise may degenerate into sheer mannerism, a Kiplingism of Kipling, which it is hardly worth while to add to the patent decoctions of the day. There is no suggestion of progress, either sought or attained, in this latest work.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says Mr. Kipling has sobered down :

The essential Kipling charm is always the same—that undescribable impression of forcefulness and muscle, alike of meaning and of word, left even by his weakest story. But the mould in which he casts himself counts for something, after all; and old Kiplingites will, as we say, miss something here. There is little of that tender, searching sympathy which made his *Three Musketeers* and his *Punch and Winkie* so real and dear to us; nothing that makes any attempt to bring tears to the eyes, as "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" did. . . . Mr. Kipling has sobered down; his tales no longer "smell of blood and tobacco," and are quite possible for the youngest and most persony young person. But all this is as far as can be from implying that he is written out. There are the same masterful grip and . . . the same buoyant joy in men who "do" things.

The *St. James's Gazette* critic reviews the reviews of his brothers, and says reprovingly :

What are the hasty critics about, who, in their anxiety to publish reviews of Mr. Kipling's new volume, after having had only some twenty-four hours to consider it, have dismissed it as comparatively poor stuff? One of them says that Mr. Kipling is "played out." Another selects one of the second-best tales for praise and sniffs at the rest. A third preaches on the text of the writer's alleged materialism. And nearly all have carped in some form or other. Is this merely the result of skipping a volume, whose author uses words with a real sense of their individual value? Or is it sheer brain-fag on the part of reviewers already overwrought by the pressure of the new season's publishing? Why, this new batch of Mr. Kipling's short stories is splendid work. . . . Speaking for ourselves, we have read *The Day's Work* with more pleasure than we have derived from anything of Mr. Kipling's since the *Jungle Book*.

L'Envoi.

FLY forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start—
We're steaming all-too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!

You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long? how long?
Pull out on the trail again!

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And The Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,

We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the trail that
is always new.

(From Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads.")

A Literary Competition.

Result of No. 1.

THIRTEEN correct answers were given to last week's paper of questions, and copies of Mr. Kipling's new book, *The Day's Work*, are now on their way to the successful competitors. The paper consisted of the following opening sentences of English words:

1. "There was no possibility of taking a walk that day." ("Jane Eyre.")
2. "Remains of our good yeomanry blood will be found in Kent, developing stiff, solid, unobtrusive men, and very personable women." ("Rhoda Fleming.")
3. "The schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry." ("Jude the Obscure.")
4. "'Yes, indeed,' remarked one of the guests at the English table. 'Yes, indeed, we start life thinking that we shall build a great cathedral, a crowning glory to architecture, and we end by contriving a mud hut.'" ("Ships that Pass in the Night.")
5. "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in need of a wife." ("Pride and Prejudice.")
6. "'Now, what I want is, Facts.'" ("Hard Times.")

In addition to the thirteen accurate replies, we received seven inaccurate ones. Of these, three named all but *Jude the Obscure*; two gave rightly only three of the novels; while one attributed quotation 6 to *Captains Courageous*, and one to *In Kedar's Tents*.

Competition No. 2.

This week we give six more opening sentences from standard or excellent English novels:

1. "My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons."
2. "You have requested me, my dear friend, to bestow some of that leisure with which Providence has blessed the decline of my life, in registering the hazards and difficulties which attended its commencement."
3. "'Drop it, yer white-faced monkey, or I'll give yer something to snivel for.'"
4. "The full truth of this odd matter is what the world has long been looking for, and public curiosity is sure to welcome."
5. "The 20th April, 1814, an almost cloudless, perfectly sunny day, saw all London astir."
6. "The heroic deeds of highlanders, both in these islands and elsewhere, have been told in verse and prose, and not more often, nor more loudly, than they deserve."

To all of our readers who name correctly the six novels of which the above sentences are the beginning will be sent a copy of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's romance, *Aylwin*, published to-day (Saturday). Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 18. Each answer must be

accompanied by the text of Competition 2, cut from this column, and we rely, of course, on our readers' sense of what is fair not to communicate the solution to others. All answers must be the result of independent research.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rise and the progress of Agencies designed to facilitate the dealings of authors with publishers, many a writer having a MS. book to dispose of is still at a loss as to what steps he should take in order to have it adjudged. Requests for advice as to MSS. and what should be done with them reach us constantly. We have, therefore, resolved to establish, in connexion with the ACADEMY, a Bureau, in which all MSS. sent to us shall receive expert criticism. We invite MS. books for consideration. Although, no doubt, the bulk of the MSS. sent in may be expected to belong to the domain of Belles Lettres, the conductors of the Bureau will welcome work in other departments of literature— theological, philosophical, historical, biographical, scientific, artistic, and technical.

All MSS. sent to the ACADEMY Bureau will be considered without delay by competent readers. In each case an opinion will be written. That opinion will be published in the Bureau department of the ACADEMY. We have also made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made by a first-class house for every MS. which is considered suitable for publication by the conductors of the Bureau. If his book seems unlikely to succeed, the author will be told why; and, in most cases, the reasons will save him from the pain of hope indefinitely deferred, and sometimes enable him to improve his book sufficiently to justify its reconsideration.

Each MS. should be accompanied by a *nom-de-plume* or initials, under which our criticism will be printed, must be marked on the wrapper "ACADEMY Bureau," and accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted.

It must be distinctly understood that each MS. must contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal of the ACADEMY applies only to books that have not been published serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss.

THE TRIUMPH OF RACHEL.

By "FLANEUR."

This is less a novel than a series of social sketches. We are half through the MS. before it becomes manifest what the story is about; and we have not been well entertained on the way. All the characters are vague and uninteresting; the dialogue is dreary. "Flaneur" does not understand the art of story-telling. She writes page after page, chapter after chapter, without exciting any interest in her characters, and without lessening the tediousness of her narrative. "Flaneur" has the merit of writing fluently and grammatically; but that is not enough.

TWO DRAMATIC IDYLLS;
A DRAMATIC SKETCH; SOME VERSES. BY "MANNINGTON."

"Mannington," apparently, has not read the rules of the Academy Bureau. It is with MSS. sufficient, each of them, to make a volume that we propose to deal. There is talent and good taste in the pieces before us; but obviously they were written for publication one by one, and they are not such as could be suitably published together.

* * We have received four other manuscripts too late for notice in this issue; they shall receive attention next week.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 13.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Henson (H. H.), <i>Apostolic Christianity</i>	(Methuen)	6/0
Elias (Col. R.), <i>The Tendency of Religion</i>	(Chapman)	3/6
Bumford (A. J.), <i>Things that are Made</i>	(Alexander & Shephard)	2/6
Moss (R. W.), <i>The Range of Christian Experience</i>	(Kelly)	
Price (Rev. E. D.), <i>The Story of Religions</i>	(Newnes)	1/0
Harris (J. R.), <i>The Homeric Centones and the Acts of Pilate</i>	(Clay)	
Beeby (C. E.), <i>Creed and Life (Second Edition)</i>	(Simpkin)	
Present Day Tracts, Vol. XIV.	(Religious Tract Society)	

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Parkin (G. R.), <i>Edward Thring (2 vols.)</i>	(Macmillan)	17/0
Bruun (D.), <i>The Cave Dwellers of Southern Asia</i>	(Thacker)	12/0
Symons (J. A.), <i>Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece (New Edition)</i>	(Smith & Elder)	7/6
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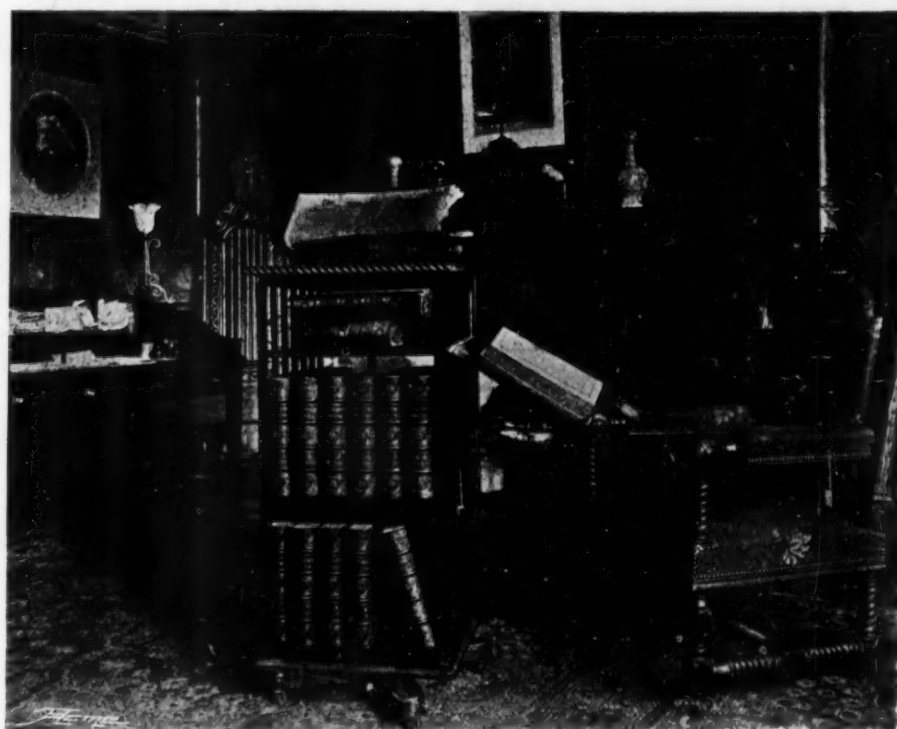
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